HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

MAD

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

No. 3
JAN.-FEB.

10¢

MAD MUMBLINGS

The letters finally have been coming in on MAD No. 1. Very sorry that we can't begin to print all the notes we received, due to space limitations. Nevertheless, our most heartfelt thanks to all of you who did send letters. Every one has been carefully read and digested!

Dear Editors,

Our most appreciative thanks for putting out a "comic" book ... Yours is the first one that has stayed in the barracks without being thrown out after being read. I have never heard people laugh out loud at a comic magazine before!—Cpl. Eugene F. Shanlin—U.S.M.C.—Cherry Point, N. C.

... Being up here in Alaska gives a person a lot of spare time. MAD gives us a lot to laugh about. A/2c Corker Sapp—USAF—A.P.O. 942.

... MAD is the latest door to a section 8 discharge. —"Spider" Stanek, Mike Brennan, and "Melvin" Harris—USN—F.P.O., N.Y.

... Allow me to congratulate you! You did it again. —Bill Dennis—Easton, Pa.

... MAD was so funny that ... I just had to stop and lean against a telephone pole while I laughed.—Nancy Cash—Louisville, Ky.

... Why didn't you did this before?—Jim Bruffey—Parkersburg, W. Va.

... Before I read it, I was a happy carefree person. Now they won't even let me out of this padded cell.—Laurin Lewis—Mental Hospital, Calif.

... If I didn't have a nice soft floor to roll on, I'd have probably landed in the hospital.—Richard Grant—no address.

... I am knocking my head against the wall....—Don Emkens—San Bernardino, Calif.

... Your new magazine is a scream.—Larry Van Cleef—Nampa, Idaho.

... Nearly died laughing.—Jerry Widener—Portales, N. Mex.

... Just what the doctor ordered.—Jon Doy—Chicago, Ill.

... Knockout!—Aristo Lumbre—Wash., D.C.

... Simply delirious.—James L. Bartz—El Paso, Texas

... Oh, you silly boys!—Ronnie Baumgardner—Bloomington, Ill.

... A real peachy-keen jim-dandy comic.—Ted Eggers—Yonkers, N. Y

... Real George. Quite gone.—Mary Moseler—Muskegon, Mich.

... It's cool. It's crazy!—Melvin—Mishawaka, Ind.

... I flipped!—Wamial Dundle—Rochester, N. Y.

... Great! Great! Great! Great! Great!—Joe Anderson—Brooklyn, N. Y.

... WOW!!!—Edward Saffin—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

... YAHOO!—Tommy Balacek—Astoria, L. I.

... AAAAIEEE!!—Joe Hahn—Seattle, Wash.

... We started a MAD club.—Fred Delse—Shaker Heights, Ohio.

... Long live MAD!—Bob Galeria—Merced, Calif.

... My love to Melvin.—Joan M. Robinson—Phila., Pa.

... Please inform how to get one disposable, prefabricated robot woman.—M. C. Sinald—Canton, Ohio

As you can see, MAD readers certainly are! However, all is not peaches and cream in the mail-box. Here's a sampling of some of the criticism we got!

Dear Editors,

All I have to say about your new magazine ... is that it is disgusting.—R. Schmitt—Chicago, Ill.

... I didn't find it one bit funny.—B. J. D.—Kansas City, Mo.

... Not only weren't your stories not funny, I found some of them very stupid.—Joseph Raymond—Baltimore, Md.

... MAD is awful.—Francis Minick—Marceline, Mo.

... A new low in the comic book industry.—Joe White—Chicago, Ill.

Well, we hope the critics are wrong! In any case, as long as we have a drop of India ink left in our veins, MAD will go marching on! Subscriptions to MAD, or any other E. C. mag, cost 75c each ... six issues ... full year's output! Please keep writing, suggesting, criticising, etc. The address for mail or subscription orders is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 3
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

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THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO HEAR IS FALSE! ONLY THE NAMES HAVEN'T BEEN CHANGED SO AS NOT TO PROTECT THE WRITER OF THIS STORY! AND WHEN JOHN LAW GETS A LOAD OF THIS COMIC BOOK, YOU CAN BET MANY A COMIC BOOK WORKER WILL BE RUNNING FROM THE...

DRAGGED NET!

MOUNTED POLICE

POLICE CHIEF

WANTED ALIVE! MARILYN MONROE

POLICE BLUE BOOKER

DETECTIVE BUREAU

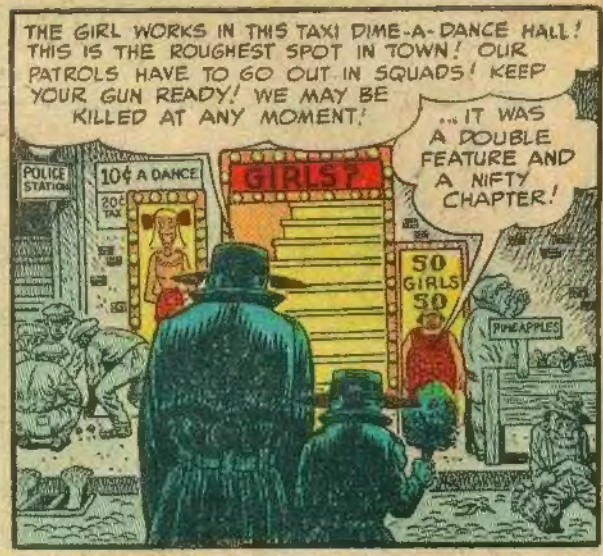
TOP DRAWER SECRETS

FARINA

SERGEANT ELDER

YOUR NAME IS DETECTIVE SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY AND YOUR ASSISTANT IS ED SATURDAY!

...WELL, ED, THE ONLY LEAD WE HAVE IS A GIRL NAMED DESIRE WHO WAS FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME WITH A SMOKING PISTOL IN HER HAND! IT'S A SLIM LEAD! OUR JOB! GET 'IM!
DID YOU SEE THE MOVIE AT THE BIJOU, JOE!


THE GIRL WORKS IN THIS TAXI DIME-A-DANCE HALL! THIS IS THE ROUGHEST SPOT IN TOWN! OUR PATROLS HAVE TO GO OUT IN SQUADS! KEEP YOUR GUN READY! WE MAY BE KILLED AT ANY MOMENT!
...IT WAS A DOUBLE FEATURE AND A NIFTY CHAPTER!
POLICE STATION
10¢ A DANCE
20¢ TAX
GIRLS
50 GIRLS 50
PINEAPPLES

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO AROUSE SUSPICION BY ASKING QUESTIONS! WE'LL JUST FOLLOW A LIKELY SUSPECT!
THAT ONE?

N-NO! NOT THAT ONE!
THAT ONE?

MMM...NO! NOT THAT ONE EITHER!
GOYNG!

THAT ONE!
BLIND

SCUSE US, M'AM! WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS! WE JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS! ...ROUTINE!
FIRST QUESTION! WHAT'S YOUR PHONE NUMBER, DUMPLING?
C'MON, JOE! LET'S MAKE THE PINCH!

EXCUSE ME, OFFISA! I'VE GOTTA DANCE NOW!
AWRIGHT! WHO ARE YOU KIDDING? WE KNOW YOU'RE A GIRL NAMED DESIRE!

NOW COME ON, MA'AM! CUT OUT THE ACT! WHY'D YOU KILL HIM?
I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY? WHY YOU ASKING ME SUCH A QUESTION?
SAFETY ZONE

JUST ROUTINE, MA'AM! ...SO TELL ME... WHY'D YOU KILL 'IM? WHY'D YOU KILL 'IM? WHY? HUH? WHY? WHY?
I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T KILL NO ONE! I TOLD YOU!

...ROUTINE QUESTION, MA'AM, THAT'S ALL!
BUT WHY... OH WHY, WHY, WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?
HOMINY TIMES I GOTTA TELLYA I DIDN' KILL NO ONE!

JUST ROUTINE QUESTION MA'AM... SO TELL ME ALREADY! WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?
I TOL' YOU TEN TIMES...
EEK

JUST ROUTINE, MA'AM! NOW LISTEN! ANSWER ME FINALLY, THE MAIN QUESTION... JUST WHAT IS YOUR PHONE NUMBER?
HEY! LET'S GO, JOE! I MADE THAT LI'L OL PINCH!

C'MON, ED! THE GIRL TOLD ME SHE SAW A GUY NAMED GALUSHA Q. TAXIDERM COMING OUT OF THE MURDERED MAN'S APARTMENT WITH A SMOKING MACHINE GUN! IT'S A SLIM LEAD! OUR JOB! GET 'IM!
WHAT A CHAPTER THAT WAS! A FLASH GORDON CHAPTER!
PTUNG!

I SENT TO WASHINGTON, D.C. AND HAD THEM RUN THE I.B.M. ON TAXIDERM'S M.O.! GOT BACK AN A.P.B. AND HIS M.O. SHOWS HE'S DEFINITELY GOT B.O.!... TAXIDERM IS HIDING HYAR... HYAR IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO!

SAFARI UP AHEAD, JOE!

BOTANICAL GARDENS

SCUSE ME, SAFARI! WE WANT TO ASK A COUPLE ROUTINE QUESTIONS!

FIRST QUESTION! WHAT'S YOUR PHONE NUMBER, DUMPLIN'... NO, NO! I MEAN... WHO'S SAFARI IS THIS?

THIS NO SAFARI, KID! THIS A CONGO LINE... ONE, TWO, T'REE KICK!

GUN COTTON

KING SOLOMON AVE.

BABOON HIGHWAY

AWRIGHT! WHO'S THIS SAFARI KIDDING? WE KNOW YOU'RE GALUSHA Q. TAXIDERM! NOW TALK!

WOULD YOU HOLD THIS A MOMENT, OFFICERS?

OH, SURE!

STEP BACK A MOMENT, OFFICERS!

NOW LOOK, GALUSH! IT'D BE A LOT EASIER ON YOU AS WELL AS US IF YOU'D TALK!

POW!

POW!

POW!

JUST EXCUSE ME FOR ONE MORE MOMENT, OFFICERS!

LOOK, GALUSH! WE KNOW YOU'RE STALLING! IT'D BE A LOT EASIER ON US AS WELL AS YOU AS WELL AS US AS YOU AS US...

C'MON, GALUSH! WHY'D YOU KILL HIM? TALK!

I DIDN'T KILL NOBODY! WHY YOU ASKIN' ME SUCH QUESTIONS?

JUST ROUTINE, BWAH!

HOW'D YOU SAY YOUR MOM'S FEELING, ED?

C'MON, ED! GALUSHA'S TOLD US THAT HE SAW A GUY NAMED NANOOK OF THE NORTH WITH A SMOKING AIR-COOLED ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNON IN THE MURDERED MAN'S APARTMENT! IT'S A SLIM LEAD! OUR JOB! GET 'IM!

IN THIS CHAPTER... FIRST THE BAD GUY COMES...

RATTLE

RATTLE

WELL, HERE WE ARE, ED! WE'VE TRACED NANOOK OF THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH POLE! THE TRAIL IS GETTING WARM (IF THAT COULD BE POSSIBLE), SO MUSH, BOY, MUSH!
YOU'RE TELLING ME THIS IS MUSH!
...SO IN THIS CHAPTER, DALE COMES!...MOMMA MIA! SOME BABE!

MOISH, BOY! MOISH, MOISH!
THAT ISN'T MOISH, THAT MUST BE NANAK IN HIS KAYOOK... I MEAN NANOOK IN HIS KAYAK.. HEADIN' FOR HIS CAVE!
YALE
NATURALLY

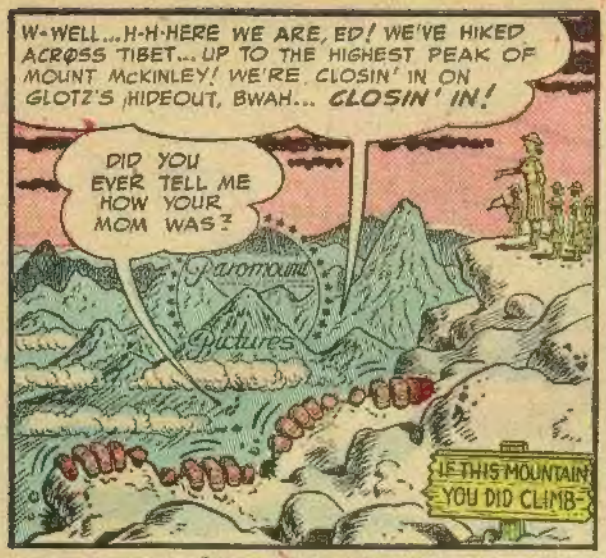
HEH HEH! THE FOOL TRAPPED HIMSELF... HE'LL FREEZE T'DEATH IN THERE!
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN 2ML

HEY, NO-KNOCK! YA CAN'T STAY IN THERE ALL DAY! WE'LL WAIT OUT HERE ALL DAY IF IT TAKES US ALL DAY!

TALK, I SAID! WE'RE GONNA STAY RIGHT HERE TILL YOU COME OUT AN' TALK!
HERE HE COMES, JOE! HE'S GONNA TALK!

WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT?
MUSH, BOY! MUSH!
URP!

LET'S MUSH OUTTA THIS MISH-MOSH!
WE GOT ENOUGH OUTTA NANOOK TO KNOW THAT HE SAW A GUY BY THE NAME OF GLOTZ IN THE MURDERED MAN'S APARTMENT WITH HIS FINGERS AROUND THE MURDERED MAN'S THROAT! THE SLIMMEST LEAD YET! OUR JOB?... GET 'IM?
...DALE COMES... OH! FIRST, BEFORE THAT PART... ZARKOY GOES...


W-WELL...H-H-HERE WE ARE, ED! WE'VE HIKED ACROSS TIBET... UP TO THE HIGHEST PEAK OF MOUNT McKINLEY! WE'RE CLOSIN' IN ON GLOTZ'S HIDEOUT, BWAH... CLOSIN' IN!
DID YOU EVER TELL ME HOW YOUR MOM WAS?
Paramount Pictures
IF THIS MOUNTAIN YOU DID CLIMB-

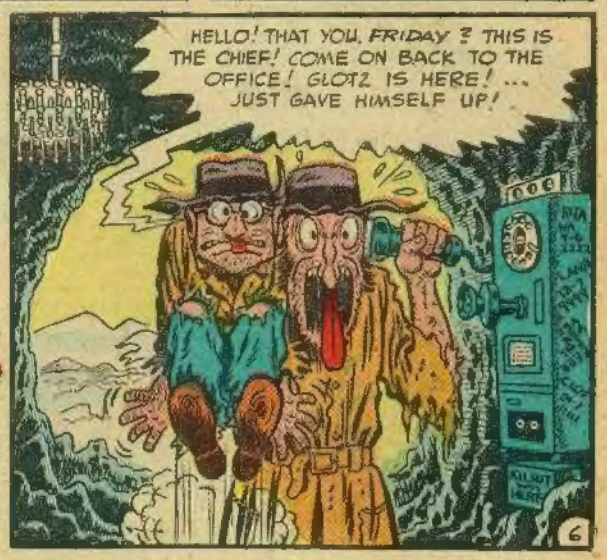
WE MADE IT, JOE! MADE IT, YOU HEAR! WE MADE IT!... NOW LEMME TELL YOU HOW THAT CHAPTER TURNED OUT!
THAT'S GLOTZ'S HIDEOUT IN THAT CAVE AHEAD!... C'MON OUT, GLOTZ!
YOU ARE STRONG & YOU ARE BRAVE

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!
LET HIM HAVE IT, JOE!
SWOOSH!
AND NOW'S THE TIME FOR-

IF YOU DON'T COME OUT, WE'RE COMING IN AFTER YOU!
POW
RATATAT!
POW
AK AK AK
BLOW
KROW
BAM
Burma-Shave

CH-A-ARGE!
OH! BEFORE ZARKOV GOES, THERE'S ANOTHER PART...

ALL RIGHT, GLOTZ! WE GOTCHA! IT'S MY DUTY TO WARN YOU! ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE HELD AGAINST YOU!
HEY! NOBODY'S HERE!
TELEPHONE!
RRING!
SHIPIS
כשר
KOSHER
DRINK


HELLO! THAT YOU, FRIDAY? THIS IS THE CHIEF! COME ON BACK TO THE OFFICE! GLOTZ IS HERE!... JUST GAVE HIMSELF UP!

AWRIGHT, BOY! WHERE'D YOU HIDE IT, BOY? WHERE'D YOU HIDE DAT OL' CORPUS DILECTI, YOU ALL!
TALK!
TALK TALK!
TALK!
TALK!
TALK!
SO SHUT UP A MINUTE AND LET HIM TALK!
ULTRA VIOLENT LAMP
I'M HUNGRY!

ALL RIGHT, GLOTZ! YOU WIN! WE'LL BUY YOU A PIZZA-PIE!
BUT AFTER THAT, BOY, YOU BETTER TALK OR WE'LL TAKE BACK OUR PIZZA-PIE!
·TO DAY·
SPAGHETTI...
CONFETTI...
SPUMONI....
STROMBOLI..
FOSTA FOR ZOO
WE GOT BORSCHT
THIS RESTAURANT APPROVED BY THE
COME IN AND EAT BEFORE WE BOTH STARVE
PIZ

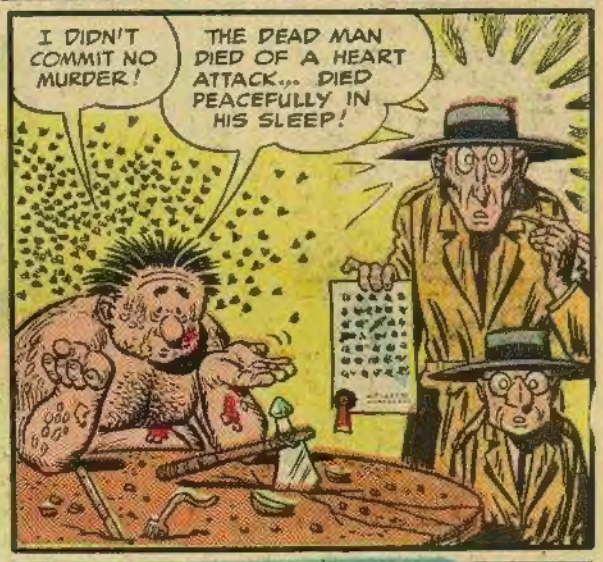
WELL, BOYS, (CHOMP, CHOMP) YOU WANNA KNOW WHERE THE BODY (CHOMP) IS, HUH?... PLEASE PASS THE KETCHUP!
WE GOT BORSCHT!

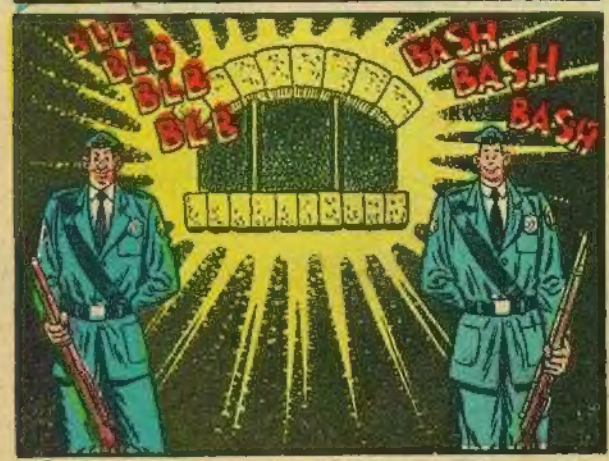
WELL-P, SIR (ULP, CHOMP CRAK) IT ISN'T EASY TO HIDE A BODY (URP, CHOMP, GLURP) NO SIR... 'SPECIALLY IF YOU TRY TO (CHOMP, BURP, BABURP) FIT IT IN A SMALL TRUNK! MAYONNAISE, PLEASE!

YOU GOTTA (CHOK, CHOMP, P-TOO) CUT A BODY INTO SEPARATE PARTS (BU-U-U-URP) IF YOU WANNA PUT IT IN A SMALL TRUNK (CHOMP, TIK, SLUP)! TOBASCO SAUCE, PLEASE!
BORSCHT WE GOT!

EXCUSE US, GLOTZ!
THE HEAD WILL GIVE YOU THE MOST TROUBLE (GLOMP, SLOMP, CHOMP)! THERE'S USUALLY NO ROOM FOR THE (CHOMP, SLURP, GLURP) HEAD! ... ANY RELISH AROUND?
BORSCHT? YOU BET!

... 'COURSE IF YOU HAVE A BULL-FIDDLE CASE, (GLUGGLE, SPLASH, P-TOO) YOUR PROBLEM IS SIMPLE! (CHOMP, POP)! ... COULD SURE USE A SLICE OF BURMUDA ONION!
AWRIGHT, GLOTZ! CUT IT OUT! QUIT BEATIN' 'ROUND THE PIZZA-PIE! WHERE'S THE BODY?





IN OCTOBER OF FOURTEEN NINETY-TWO, THE CASE WAS FILED IN SUPERIOR COURT! GLOTZ WAS ACQUITTED, BUT JOE FRIDAY AND ED SATURDAY WERE NOT! FRIDAY AND SATURDAY WERE SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN THE STATE BOOBY HATCH WHERE THEY ARE NOW SERVING OUT THEIR TERMS!

FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION DEPT.: WE ARE ENTERING THE FORT OF WADI EL AYCARE, SITTING SUN-BAKED AND SOLITARY IN THE SHIFTING SANDS OF THE SAHARA! THE WATERLESS SAHARA, THAT HIDES THE SUN-BLEACHED BONES OF MEN, THAT HIDES THE TERRIFYING OUTLAW BAND OF THE ...

SHEIK OF ARABY!

COMPANEEE, 'ALT!

Z-LEGION-ETRANGERE

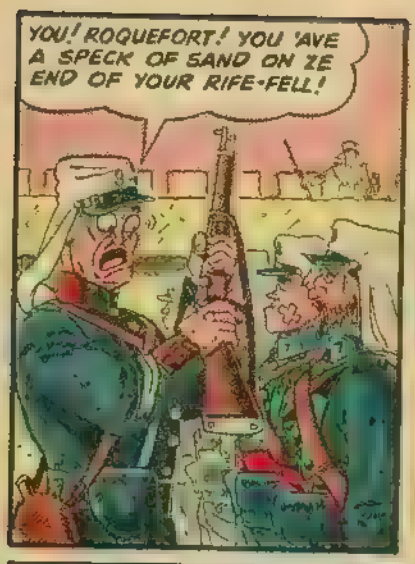
SHEIK OF ARABY

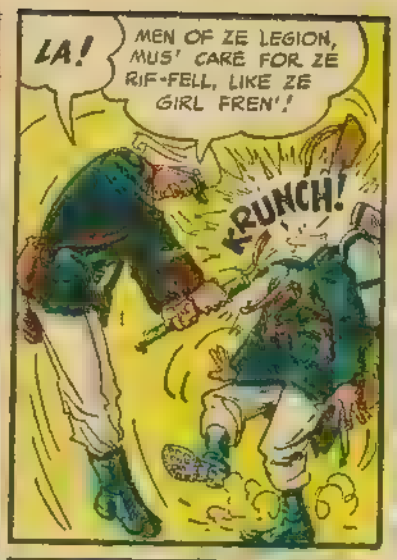
MES ENFANTS! ZAT WAS A STIMULATING WALK S'ROUGH ZE DES-ZERT... NEST-PAS? BUT WHAT EEZ A LIT-TEL FORTY MILE 'IKE... DOUBLE-TIME... TO ZE MEN OF ZE LEGION, EH, MES AMIS?

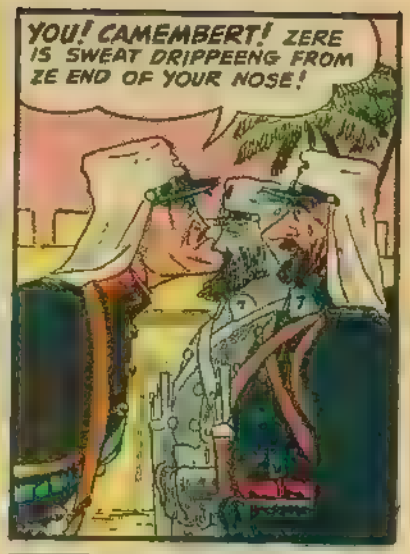
NOW... ALLONS... WE 'AVE ZE INSPECTION, TO SEE 'OW NEAT, YOU 'AVE KEPT YOURSELVES' ZUT.

ATTENCION!

SNA-SNAP!


YOU! ROQUEFORT! YOU 'AVE A SPECK OF SAND ON ZE END OF YOUR RIFE-FELL!


LA!
MEN OF ZE LEGION, MUS' CARE FOR ZE RIF-FELL, LIKE ZE GIRL FREN'!
KRUNCH!

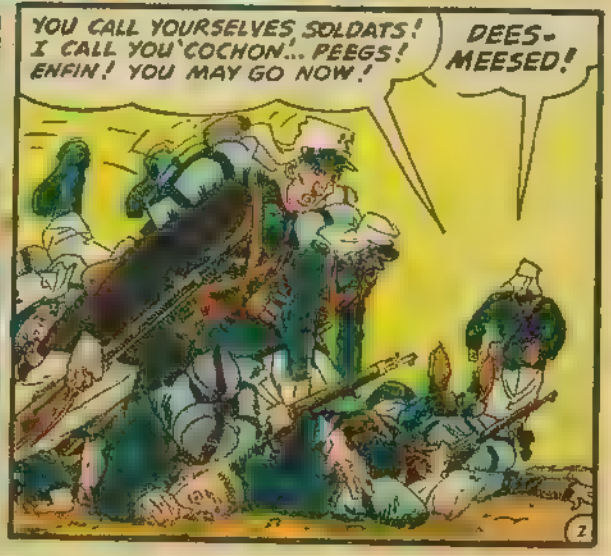

YOU! CAMEMBERT! ZERE IS SWEAT DRIPPEENG FROM ZE END OF YOUR NOSE!

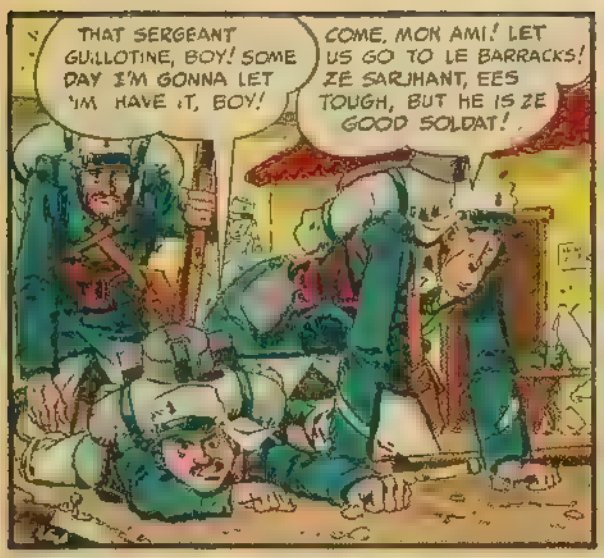
TA!
MEN OF ZE LEGION, MUS' NOT SWEAT... EVAIRE!
SPLAT!

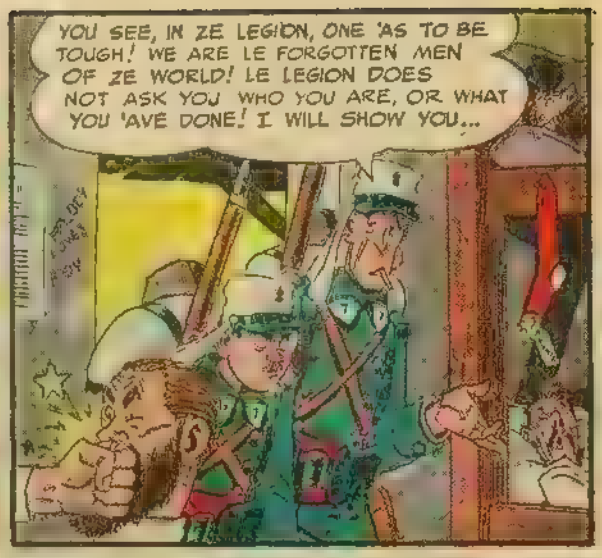
YOU! CHANTILLY! YOUR TONGUE, IS 'ANGING OUT!
BUT SARJHANT! I AM THIRSTEE!

YOU TALK BACK TO ME...SARJHANT GUILLOTINE? I BREAK YOU IN TWO!
PA!
POP!

ZEN I S'ROW YOU AY-WAY! ... COM-SA!


YOU CALL YOURSELVES SOLDATS! I CALL YOU 'COCHON'... PEEGS! ENFIN! YOU MAY GO NOW!
DEES-MEESED!

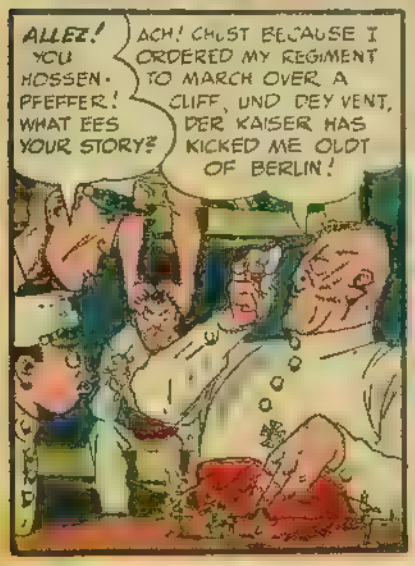

THAT SERGEANT GUILLOTINE, BOY! SOME DAY I'M GONNA LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOY!
COME, MON AMI! LET US GO TO LE BARRACKS! ZE SARJHANT, EES TOUGH, BUT HE IS ZE GOOD SOLDAT!

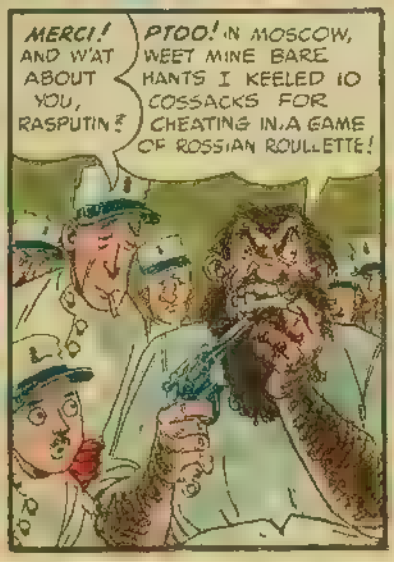

YOU SEE, IN ZE LEGION, ONE 'AS TO BE TOUGH! WE ARE LE FORGOTTEN MEN OF ZE WORLD! LE LEGION DOES NOT ASK YOU WHO YOU ARE, OR WHAT YOU 'AVE DONE! I WILL SHOW YOU...

ATTENCION! GOSCINNY! WHAT BROUGHT YOU TO ZE LEGION?
HO HO! WAT ELSE? I LEF' PARIS BECAUSE A JHEALOUS HUZ-BAND WANTED MY LIFE!

ALORS! FROTHING BASH! WHY ARE YOU IN ZE RÉGIMENTS ÉTRANGERS?
..COUPLE OF CHAPS WANTED TO SEE ME! SCOTLAND YARD, YOU KNOW! ABOUT MURDER OR SOMETHING! HAD TO LEAVE LONDON!

ALONS! AND YOU PASTAFAZOO! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE!
I WAS A SHAKINA DOWN ALLA EAST SIDE SICILIANO PIZZA-PIE JOINTS TILLA I GAVE A CARBINIERI DE STILLET!


ALLEZ! YOU HOSSEN-PFEFFER! WHAT EES YOUR STORY?
ACH! CHUST BECAUSE I ORDERED MY REGIMENT TO MARCH OVER A CLIFF, UND DEY VENT, DER KAISER HAS KICKED ME OUDT OF BERLIN!

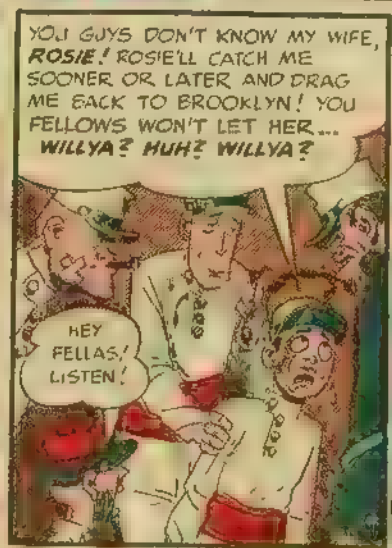

MERCI! AND W'AT ABOUT YOU, RASPUTIN?
PTOO! IN MOSCOW, WEET MINE BARE HANTS I KEELED 10 COSSACKS FOR CHEATING IN A GAME OF ROSSIAN ROULLETTE!

BOUCOUP! AND.. AND WHAT OF YOU, MELVIN?
I'M TRYING TA GET AWAY FUM MY WIFE AN' KIDS IN BROOKLYN!

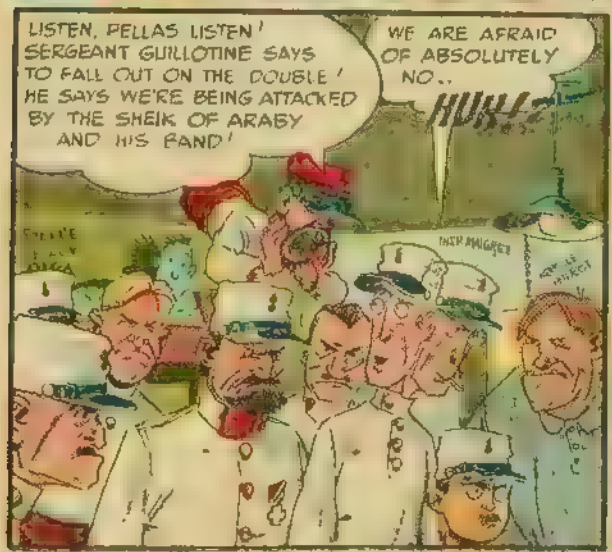
GETTII G AWAY FROM YOUR WIFE AND KIDS?
INCROYABLE!
FANTASTIQUE!
'OO WOULD JOIN ZE LEGION TO GET AWAY FROM ZE WIFE AND KIDS?
HA HA!

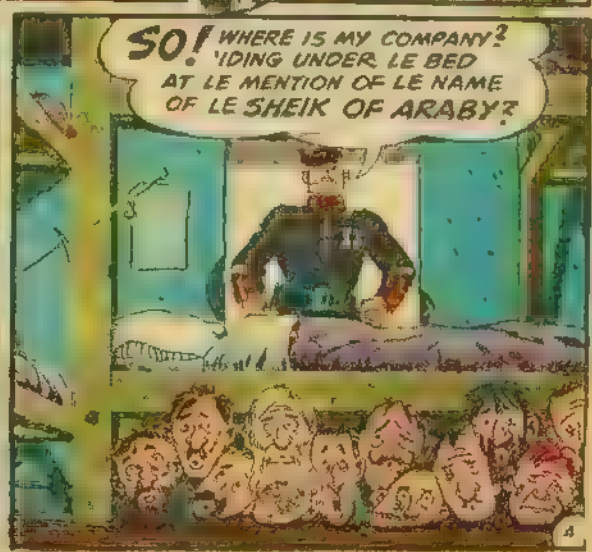
YOU SHOULD SEE MY WIFE!
AND YOU SHOULD SEE MY KIDS!

DO NO WORRY, MON AMI! 'ERE IN ZE LEGION YOU ARE SAFE! 'ERE IN LE LEGION, NO MAN CAN BE CLAIMED BY HEES PAST!
HEY, FELLAS!

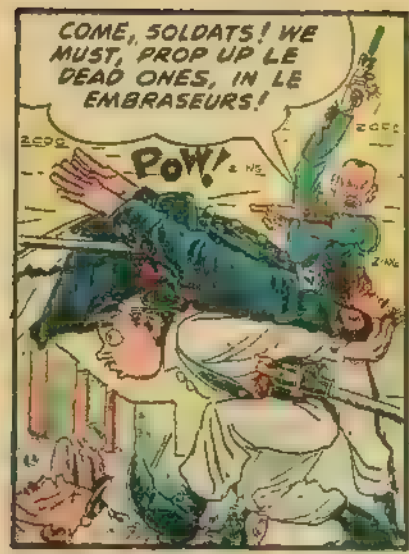

YOU GUYS DON'T KNOW MY WIFE, ROSIE! ROSIE'LL CATCH ME SOONER OR LATER AND DRAG ME BACK TO BROOKLYN! YOU FELLOWS WON'T LET HER... WILLYA? HUH? WILLYA?
HEY FELLAS! LISTEN!

AH, AH, MON BRAVE! NO ONE SHALL TAKE YOU FROM LE LEGION! WE LEGIONNAIRES SHALL PROTECT YOU FROM YOUR RO-ZEE! WE ARE AFRAID OF NOS-SING!
HEY, LISTEN, FELLAS!
HONK!

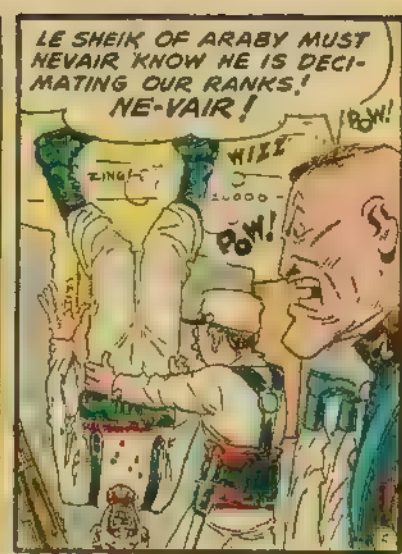

LISTEN, FELLAS LISTEN! SERGEANT GUILLOTINE SAYS TO FALL OUT ON THE DOUBLE! HE SAYS WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY THE SHEIK OF ARABY AND HIS BAND!
WE ARE AFRAID OF ABSOLUTELY NO..
HUH?

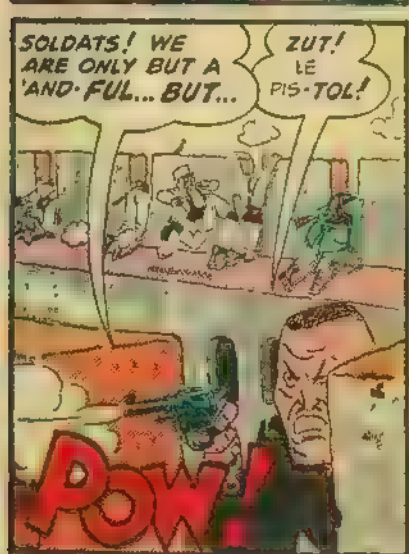

SO! WHERE IS MY COMPANY? 'IDING UNDER LE BED AT LE MENTION OF LE NAME OF LE SHEIK OF ARABY?

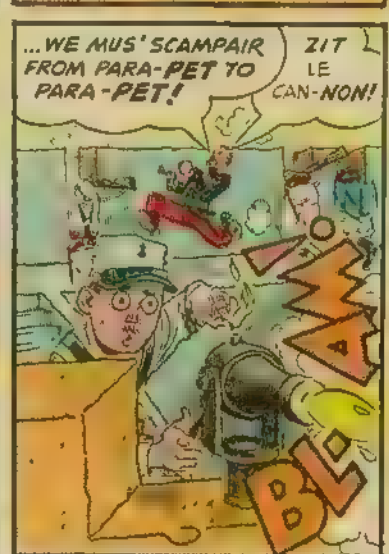
OUT! PEEGS! MAN ZE EMBRASEURS! COWAIRDS!
BUT SERJHANT.
ZE SHEIK OF ARABY...
AND 'IS MYSTERIOUS DESERT RIDAIRS...
CRUNCH
SOLDATS! ZE SHEIK OF ARABY 'AS NOT BEEN AROUND LONG BUT OH MY SOLDATS... FROM WHAT I 'AVE 'EARD... QUELL HORREUR! QUELL TERREUR! AYE GAVOLTE!.. BUT DO NOT WORREE! WE SHALL 'OLD OUT, TILL RELIEF COMES!
POW!
POW!
POW!
SERJHANT! I 'AVE RECEIVED A DUM-DUM BULLET IN ZE SHEST! MAY I REST?
POW
POW
COWAIRD!... 'AVE YOU NO COUR-AGE? BACK TO ZE WALL!
OUI, SERJHANT!
SERJHANT! I 'AVE A SCIMITAR IN ZE SACK ZAT 'URTS WHEN I LAUGH! MAY I RETIRE?
DESERTAIR!... EET EES ONLY A SCRATCH! BACK TO YOUR POST!
OUI, SERJHANT!
SERJHANT! I 'AVE A BULLET 'HOLE BETWEEN MINE EYES! MAY I SEEK LE FIRST AID?
POW!
SLACKAIR! EET EES A SUPERFICIAL WOUND! BACK TO ZE FIGHT!
OUI, SERJHANT!
5

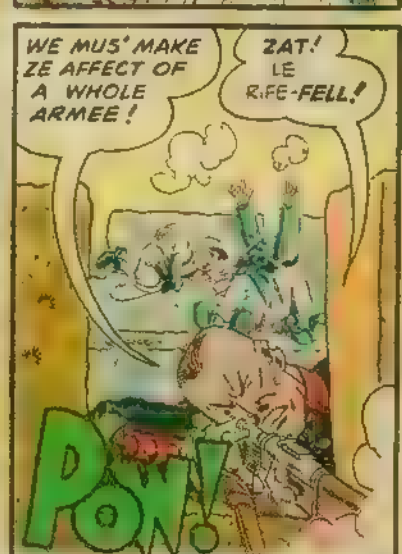

COME, SOLDATS! WE MUST, PROP UP LE DEAD ONES, IN LE EMBRASEURS!
POW!

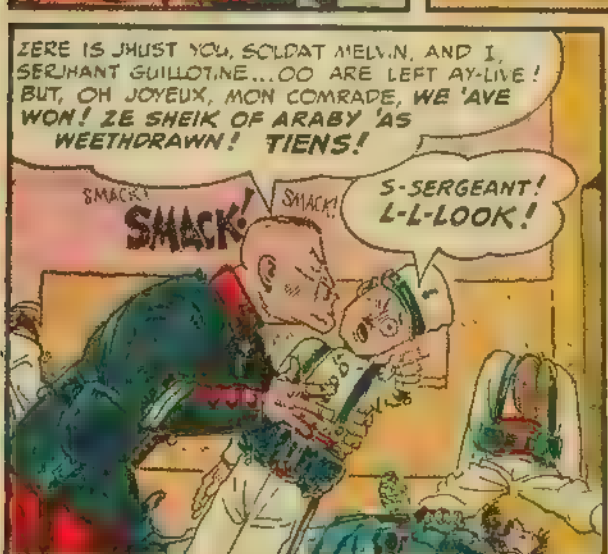
IN LE ATTITUDES, LIFE-LIKE... ZEM... PROP UP, MUST WE! WE MUST FOOL ZE SHEIK!
KA-POW!
POW!


LE SHEIK OF ARABY MUST NEVAIR KNOW HE IS DECIMATING OUR RANKS! NE-VAIR!
POW!
HIIII
ZING!
POW!

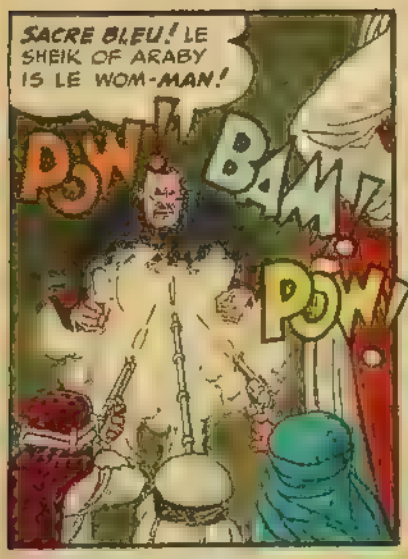

SOLDATS! WE ARE ONLY BUT A 'AND-FUL... BUT...
ZUT! LE PIS-TOL!
POW!

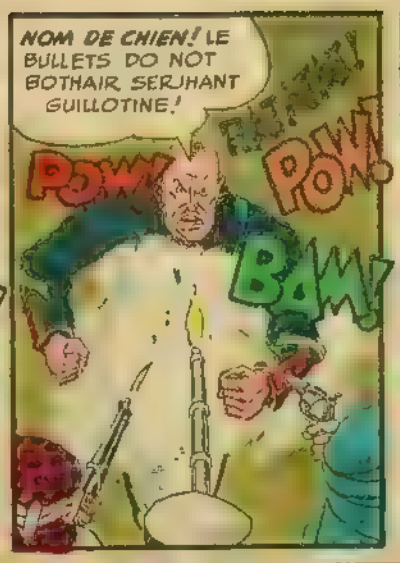

...WE MUS' SCAMPAIR FROM PARA-PET TO PARA-PET!
ZIT LE CAN-NON!
BLAM

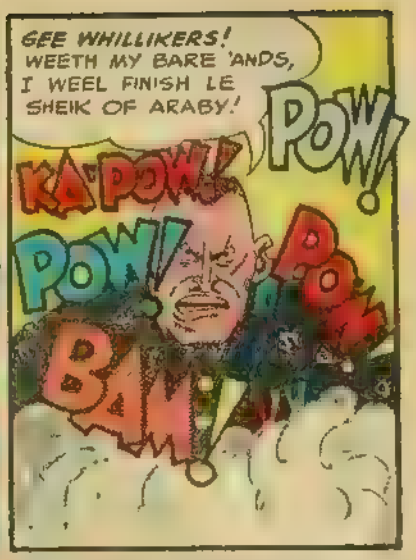

WE MUS' MAKE ZE AFFECT OF A WHOLE ARMEE!
ZAT! LE RIFE-FELL!
POW!

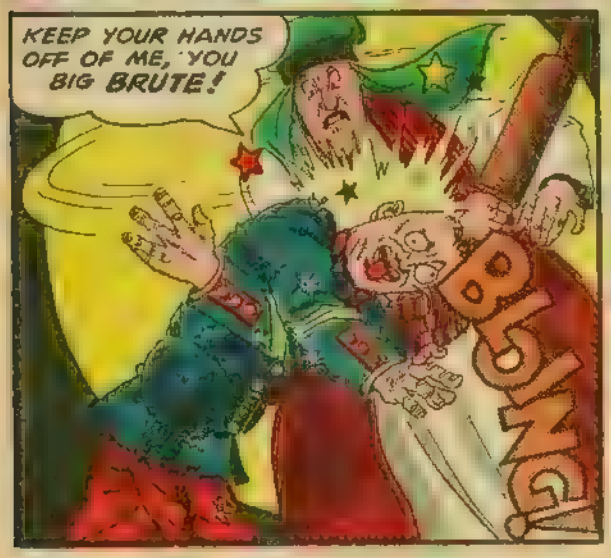

ZERE IS JHUST YOU, SOLDAT MELVIN, AND I, SERJHANT GUILLOTINE...OO ARE LEFT AY-LIVE! BUT, OH JOYEUX, MON COMRADE, WE 'AVE WON! ZE SHEIK OF ARABY 'AS WEETHDRAWN! TIENS!
SMACK!
SMACK!
SMACK!
S-SERGEANT! L-L-LOOK!

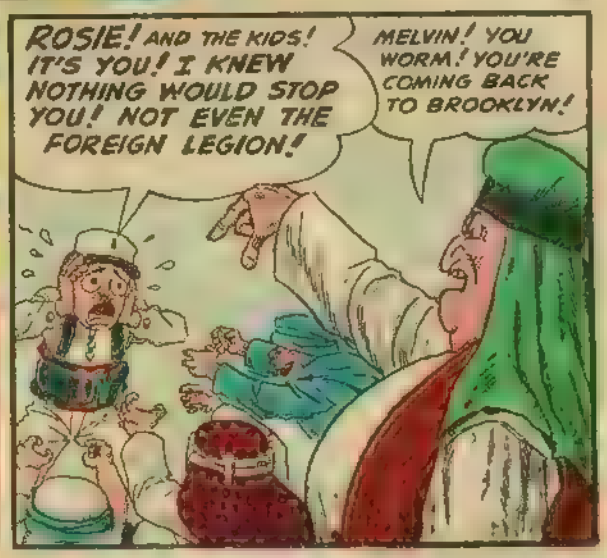
MON DIEU! LE SHEIK OF ARABY AND 'IS BAND!



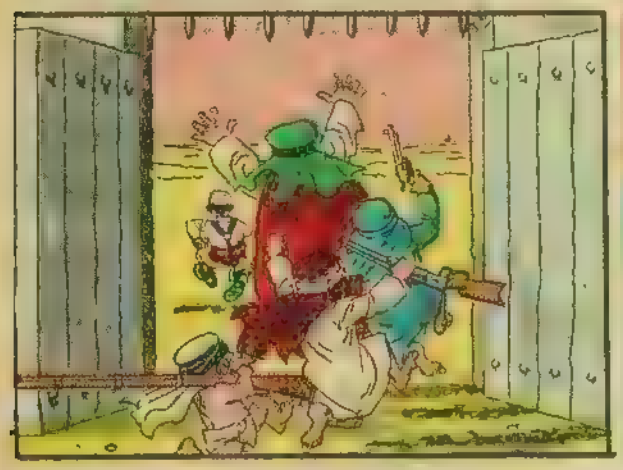








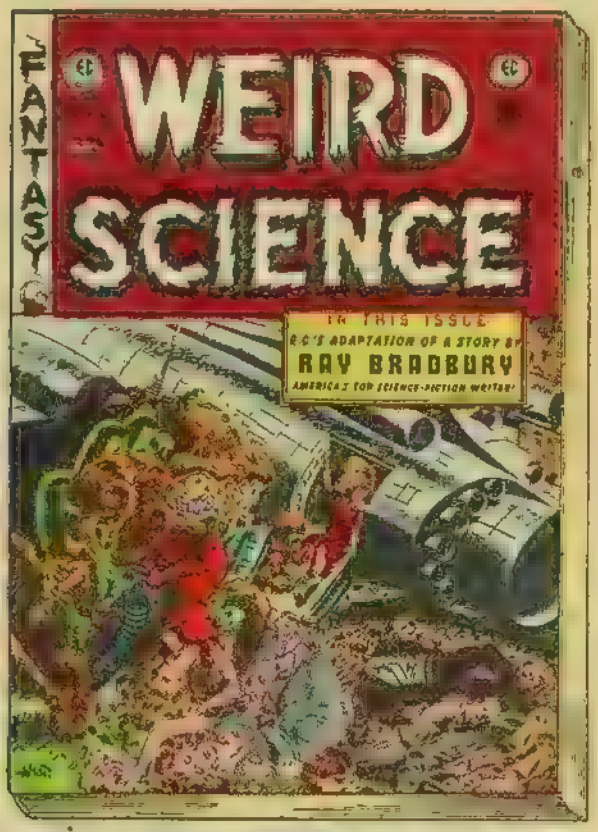
AND SO WE LEAVE THE DESOLATE DESERT OUTPOST OF WADI EL AYCARE! WE LEAVE AND TRAVEL OUT... OUT OVER THE SHIFTING SANDS!



...OUT OVER THE SAHARA... OVER THE BLEACHED BONES OF MEN WE TRAVEL! WE KEEP TRAVELING, MY FRIENDS, OVER THE HORIZON, TO...TO...BROOKLYN!

E.C. FANS!

WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...



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ROOKIE GLADIATOR

Friends, Romans, Countrymen!

We are about to bring you the play-by-play of today's big doubleheader from the Colosseum! We have an exciting afternoon all lined up for you. Hear? Don't go 'way!

The SLAVES are going to take on the LIONS in the first game... and the league-leading GAULS will face the BRITONS in the night-cap. Those BRITONS are in the cellar as far as the league standings go, but they sure can make things hot for the first division teams! There is a common belief that whatever team is ahead by the Ides of March is a cinch to win the pennant. Well, that's not so! This flag race may not be decided until the last day of the season! The MOORS are in second place by only *one game* in the lost column!!

But now... a *word* from our sponsor!

"Why spend denarii on over-head when you can't wear it? Buy your togas at Tiberius's. off plain marble columns!! Tiberius has convenient stores in Britannia, Gallia, Armenia, Colchis, Iberia, Albania, Peloponnesus, and Graecia... open from nine until nine!"

The Colosseum is certainly crowded today. We're waiting for the official attendance. The right field bleachers are filled! Our booth is right above the box of Gaius Decius, the Illyrian Emperor of Rome. The game should begin any minute now! Decius will throw out the first SLAVE! I think the SLAVES are being familiarized with the ground rules. They don't seem to like standing in the center of the

arena. They want to come up into the stands! Since the LIONS are the visiting team, they'll get *first licks!*

Now the LIONS have come out on the field. The game has started! It appears that the LIONS are too strong for the SLAVES, who have been riddled with injuries since opening day.

But now . . . our sponsor!

"Travel the safe, luxurious way . . . travel the Appian Way! Rates are lower now than ever before! Special rates are available to centurions and their families!"

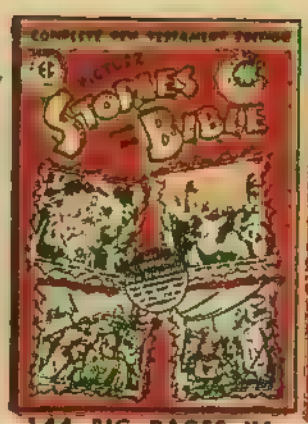
Now back to the game! This first contest is becoming a complete rout. Looks like the LIONS will shut out the SLAVES!

The crowd is waiting for the second game. They're going to get their first look at the young rookie gladiator in action. He was just brought up from the minors where he was burning up the Etruscan League! They say he has a good eye and plenty of speed. He's one of those bonus players! Decius gave him the Roman Senate as a bonus. I hope the boy lives up to his advance press notices. You know, there's an awful lot of pressure on him! He'll be eager . . . swinging for the fence!! He's in the big show now. But will he stick? If he does, the people will erect a statue to him in the Assembly. He'll be riding in the cat-bird seat of the Emperor's chariot!

If he fails . . . it'll be "thumbs down"!

The officials had better get this game under way! In the event the game is called on account of darkness, it won't go into the record books. The Roman League has a new ruling that the torches cannot be lit for a day game!

Ye Immortal Gods! I'd hate to have to fry fish for all the plebians assembled here today!



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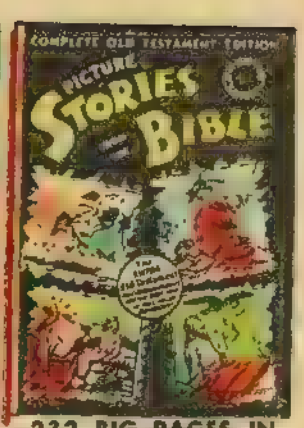

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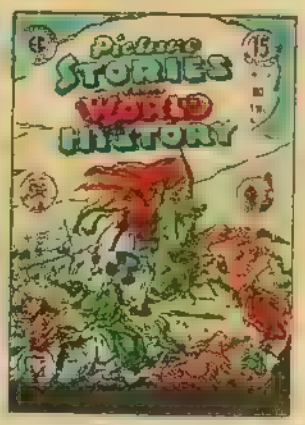

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THE DANDELION CAPER

Cosmo McMoon sauntered into Captain Malfeasance O'Malley's office . . . three hours late!!

"Where have you been? What took you so long to get here after my emergency call?", asked the impatient law enforcer

"I couldn't find a parking space outside headquarters for my *yak!!* It's corrupt politics . . . that's what it is! Discrimination against *yaks!!!* I notice the *llamas* get away with murder in this town!

"The llamas have a strong lobby! I'd suggest you take your complaints before the city consul at their next meeting."

"Rest assured the Society for the Advancement of Bovine Ruminants from Upper Asia will hear of this indignity!! Meanwhile, I had to enroll Melvin . . . my yak . . . in a day nursery near uptown Central Park"

Captain O'Malley turned to introduce a nervous little man with a red walrus mustache. "Cosmo . . . this is Mr. Morningside Mac Mixmaster, president of Random Shack Publishing Company! One of his most brilliant authors is missing . . . perhaps kidnapped!!"

The publisher hastened to tell Cosmo the details. "No doubt you have read the latest best-seller by our precocious young writer, TRUMAN REMOTE!" Mac Mixmaster handed Cosmo a copy of "Other Hearses, Other Tombs", which had a picture of the author on the back cover. Truman Remote looked like a youth of eighteen. The lenses of his eyeglasses were of milk bottle thickness. His hair was combed down straight on his forehead in bangs and he had an air of detachment about him. In his left hand he held a dandelion

"Quite a scholarly and intense personality", remarked Cosmo. "I'll wager he doesn't even bother to call for his royalty checks!"

"Yes . . . Truman Remote is *above* the mundane things of life! He would rather commune with nature! He spends most of his time collecting species of the *Taraxacum officinale* . . . the dandelion plant. I'd suggest you start searching for him in all the local *parks* and *meadows*".

* * * * *

A few days later, Cosmo and O'Malley were combing the outfield grass in Lankee Stadium. They had searched every other park in the city but had found no clues. Suddenly, Cosmo came upon some withered and discarded dandelions. "Send these wilted dandelions to the city coroner for an autopsy. Find out how long they've been dead and whether they were *plucked* or *strangled!!*" Just then, a new development in the case came forth . . . a trail of some more crushed dandelions! The two sleuths followed the trail all the way downtown. The trail ended at the curb in front of a dilapidated tenement house on the lower eastside!!

Suddenly, a black sedan swung around the corner! Cosmo yelled as he hit the sidewalk, "Get behind that storage mailbox, O'Malley, or you'll end up in the *dead letter office!!!*" There was a chatter from a Thompson sub-machine-gun. Then the assassin-car sped away. Cosmo was relieved to see that his friend was unharmed by the spray of slugs. "Did you get the license number, O'Malley?"

"The car was a Buick '49 with three Goodyear tires, one Firestone! The driver was blond, blue-eyed, 5'8", and weighed about 195. He was wearing a Bond suit, Adler elevator shoes, Argyle socks, a white Arrow shirt (15-35), and a maroon turtle-neck sweater! Too bad I couldn't get the license number. It all happened too fast!!"

"Well, never mind!", said Cosmo. "Let's force our way into the cellar of this house . . . the trail ends here!!" Captain O'Malley pulled his recoilless cannon out of his shoulder holster as Cosmo battered the four-ply oak door in with a butt of his knee-cap.

There, in the center of a long trough, his trousers rolled up to his knees, was Truman Remote!! He was stomping up and down . . . pressing dandelions with his bare feet! The dandelion juice ran from the trough into a huge fermenting vat. A tough looking character covered him with a revolver. Suddenly, the startled thug whirled and drew a bead on O'Malley! Cosmo shot the gunsel in the hand with a rapid burst from his high-powered slingshot!!

"So . . . we meet again, *Vino Malcatel!!* This time you'll rot in jail for kidnaping . . . and for forcing Truman Remote to make *bootleg dandelion wine!!!*"

* * * * *

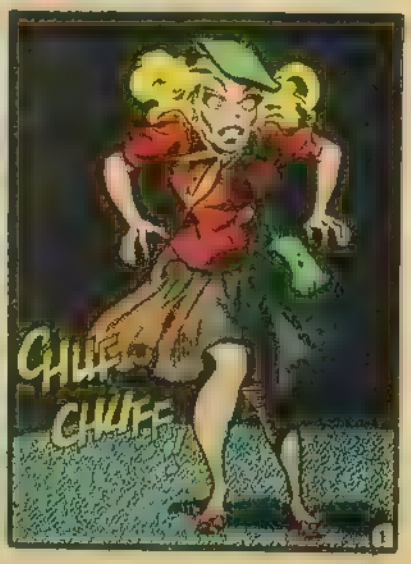
Now the case was closed and Truman Remote was restored to his anguished publisher. Cosmo was back in O'Malley's office when he received a phone call.

The voice on the other end said, "Hello! Is this Mr. Cosmo McMoon? This is Miss Marie Severin of the Uptown Day Nursery!! Come and get your Melvin immediately! I can't do a thing with him. He won't share his milk and chocolate-covered graham crackers with the rest of the children!!"

HORROR DEPT.: A FOG LIES FLAT ON LONDON, LIKE AN OPAQUE BLANKET LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STILL LONDON NIGHT! AND DOWN BELOW, THOSE OF THE LIVING... ONE BY NAME OF GODIVA... MOVE THROUGH THE MILKY FOLDS OF THE FOG... AS WELL AS THOSE OF THE DEAD... BY N-NAME OF...

V-VAMPIRES!

KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK KLEK

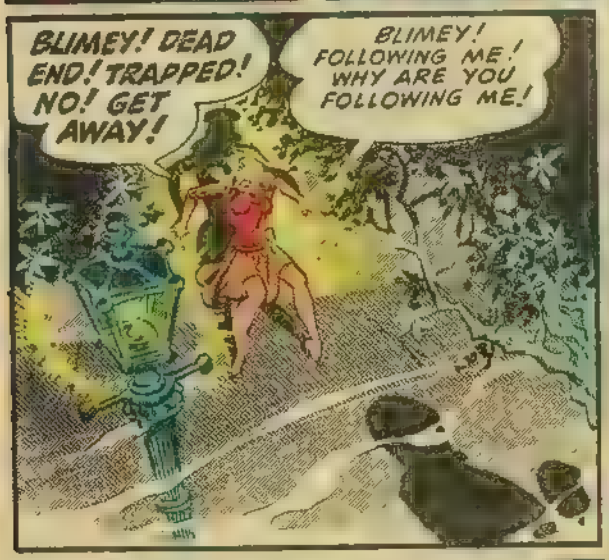


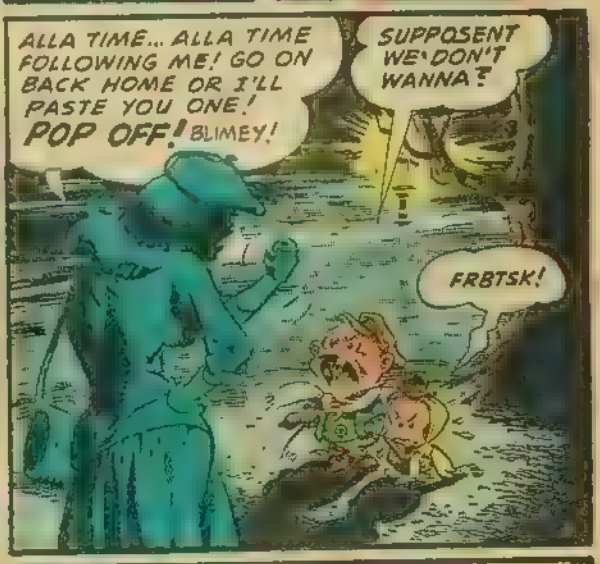
KLIK KLIKETY

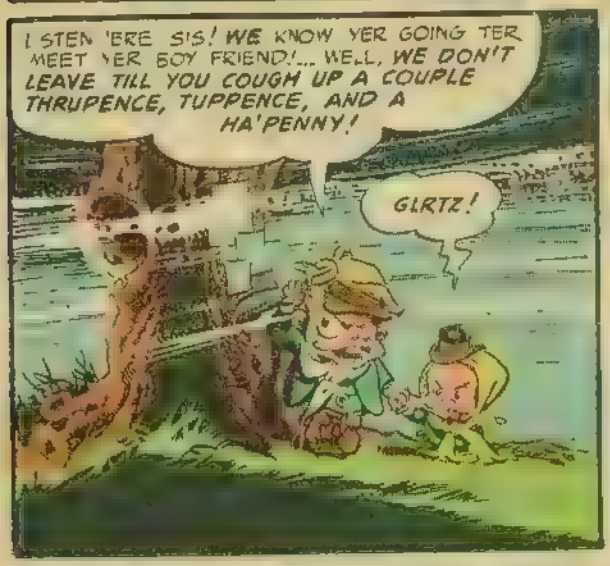
CHUF
CHUF
CHUF
CHUF

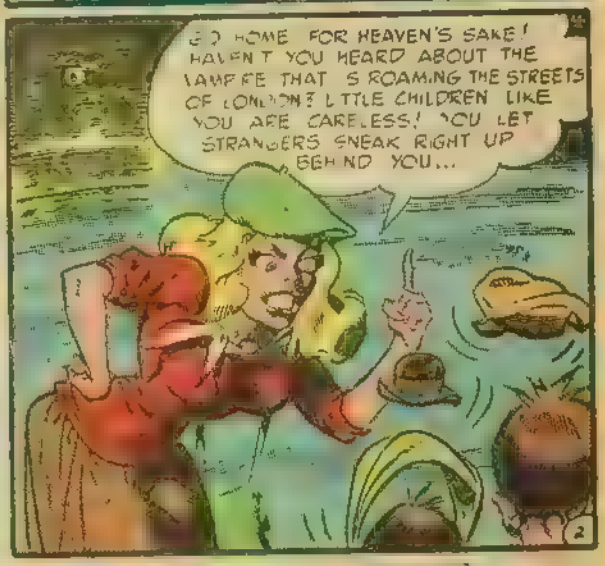
KLIK
KLIKETY
KLIKETY

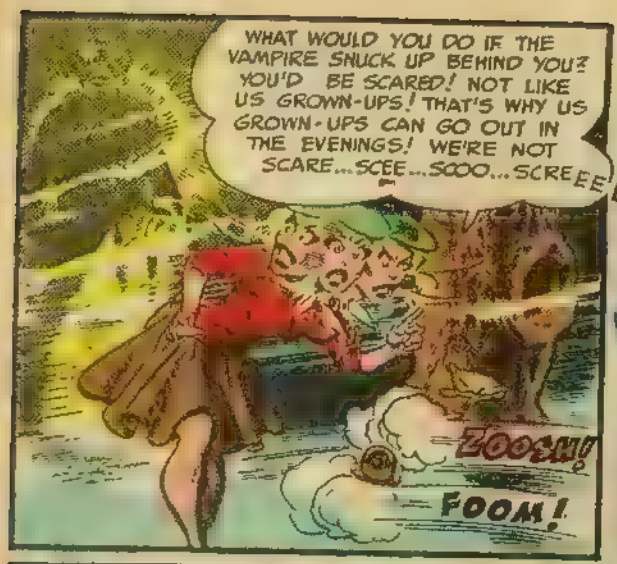
CHUF
CHUF
CHUFFETY
CHUF
CHUFF!

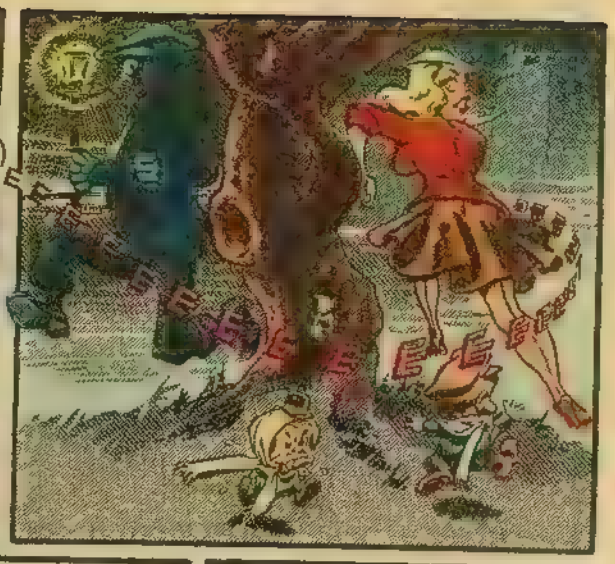

BLIMEY! DEAD END! TRAPPED! NO! GET AWAY!
BLIMEY! FOLLOWING ME! WHY ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME!

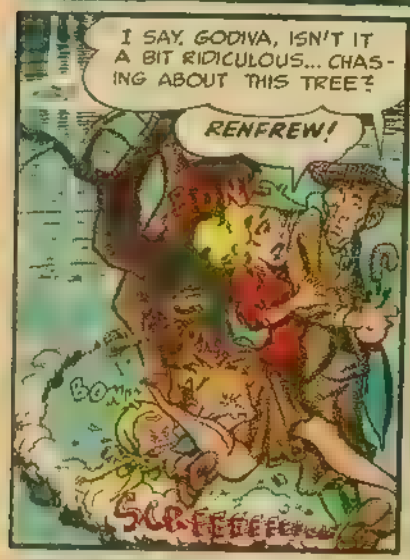

ALLA TIME... ALLA TIME FOLLOWING ME! GO ON BACK HOME OR I'LL PASTE YOU ONE! POP OFF! BLIMEY!
SUPPOSENT WE DON'T WANNA?
FRBTSK!


LISTEN 'ERE SIS! WE KNOW YER GOING TER MEET YER BOY FRIEND!... WELL, WE DON'T LEAVE TILL YOU COUGH UP A COUPLE THRUPENCE, TUPPENCE, AND A HA'PENNY!
GLRTZ!

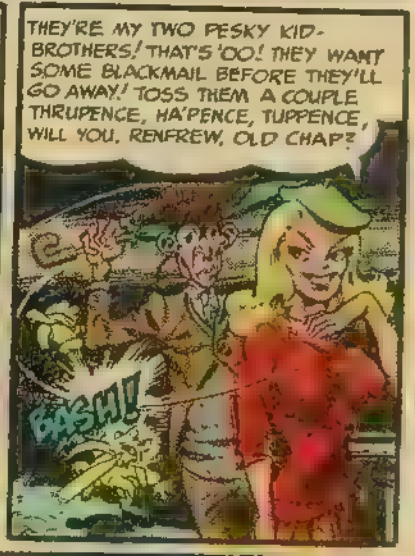

GO HOME FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE LAMPFE THAT'S ROAMING THE STREETS OF LONDON? LITTLE CHILDREN LIKE YOU ARE CARELESS! YOU LET STRANGERS SNEAK RIGHT UP BEHIND YOU...

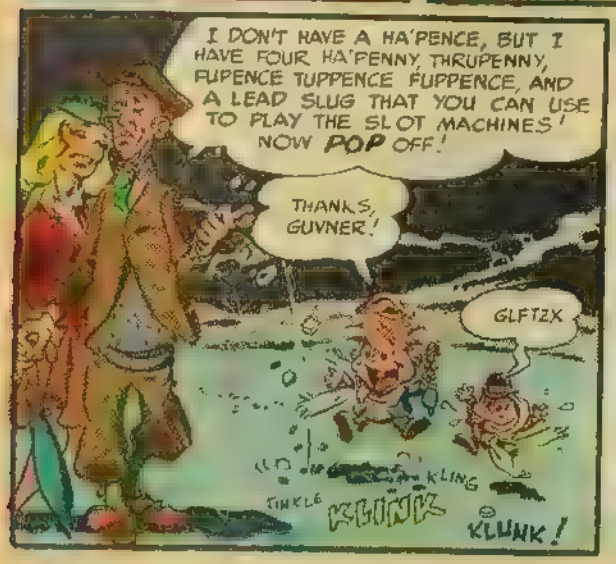

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THE VAMPIRE SNUCK UP BEHIND YOU? YOU'D BE SCARED! NOT LIKE US GROWN-UPS! THAT'S WHY US GROWN-UPS CAN GO OUT IN THE EVENINGS! WE'RE NOT SCARE...SCEE...SCOO...SCREEE
ZOOSH!
FOOM!

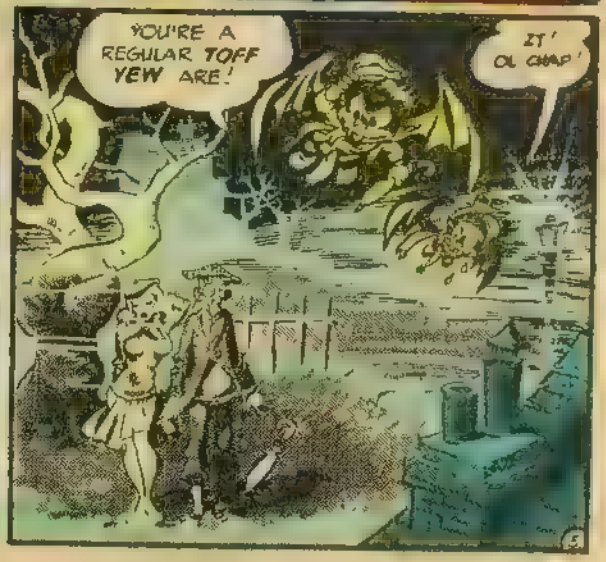


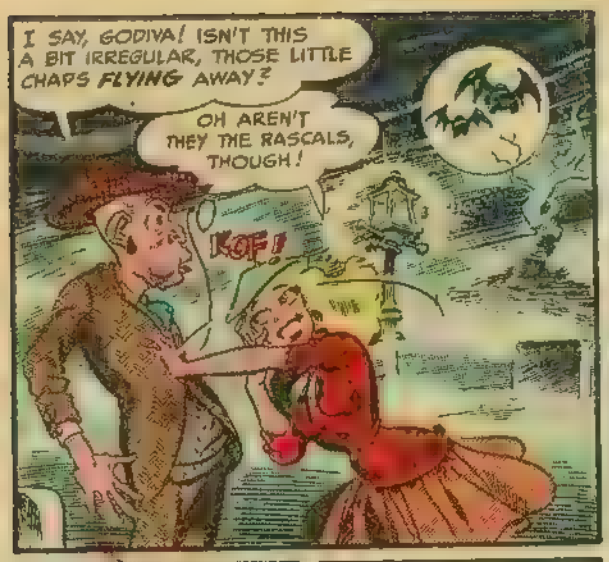

I SAY, GODIVA, ISN'T IT A BIT RIDICULOUS... CHASING ABOUT THIS TREE?
RENFREW!
BOM
SCREEEEEEE

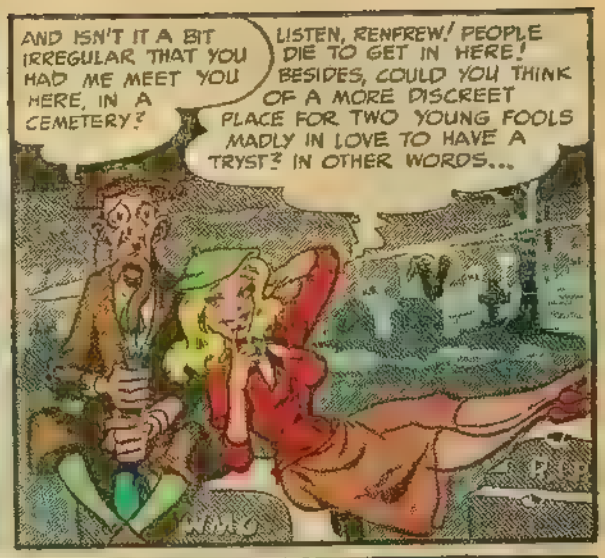
RENFREW! MY BOY FRIEND! LOR' LUM AN' BLIMEY! IT'S YEW!
YES, GODIVA! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! AND 'OO ARE THESE TWO LITTLE CHAPS? 'OO?
CRINK!


THEY'RE MY TWO PESKY KID-BROTHERS! THAT'S 'OO! THEY WANT SOME BLACKMAIL BEFORE THEY'LL GO AWAY! TOSS THEM A COUPLE THRUPENCE, HA'PENCE, TUPPENCE, WILL YOU, RENFREW, OLD CHAP?
BASH!


I DON'T HAVE A HA'PENCE, BUT I HAVE FOUR HA'PENNY, THRUPENNY, FUPENCE TUPPENCE FUPPENCE, AND A LEAD SLUG THAT YOU CAN USE TO PLAY THE SLOT MACHINES! NOW POP OFF!
THANKS, GUVNER!
GLFTZX
TINKLE
KLING
KLUNK
KLUNK!


YOU'RE A REGULAR TOFF YEW ARE!
IT' OL CHAP!


I SAY, GODIVA! ISN'T THIS A BIT IRREGULAR, THOSE LITTLE CHAPS FLYING AWAY?
OH AREN'T THEY THE RASCALS, THOUGH!
KOF!

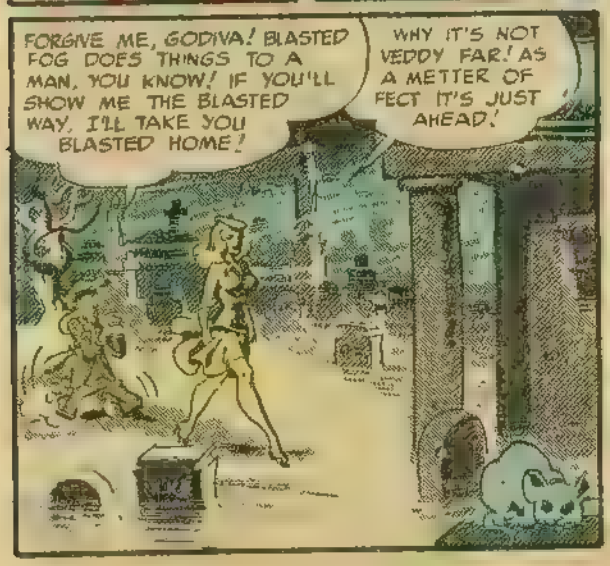

AND ISN'T IT A BIT IRREGULAR THAT YOU HAD ME MEET YOU HERE, IN A CEMETERY?
LISTEN, RENFREW! PEOPLE DIE TO GET IN HERE! BESIDES, COULD YOU THINK OF A MORE DISCREET PLACE FOR TWO YOUNG FOOLS MADLY IN LOVE TO HAVE A TRYST? IN OTHER WORDS...

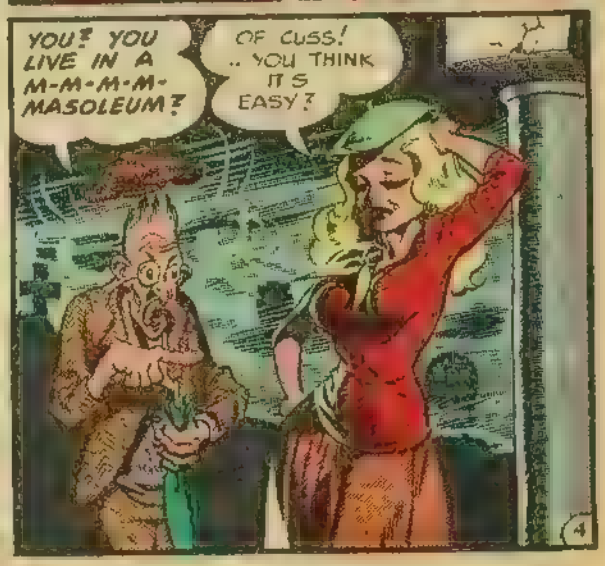
CAHMON, RENF'! LET'S NECK!
BUT, GODIVA THE NIGHT IS DARK!

WOW! C'MON!
BUT GODIVA! THE STORIES ABOUT THE VAMPIRE ROAMING LONDON.

TWEET! YAHOO! C'MON!
VEDDY WELL, GODIVA, OLD CHAP! I GIVE YOU THIS AS A SIGN OF MY AFFECTION!
TWEET!

YOU KISSED ME!
FRESH!
TAKE ME HOME!


FORGIVE ME, GODIVA! BLASTED FOG DOES THINGS TO A MAN, YOU KNOW! IF YOU'LL SHOW ME THE BLASTED WAY, I'LL TAKE YOU BLASTED HOME!
WHY IT'S NOT VEDDY FAR! AS A METTER OF FECT IT'S JUST AHEAD!

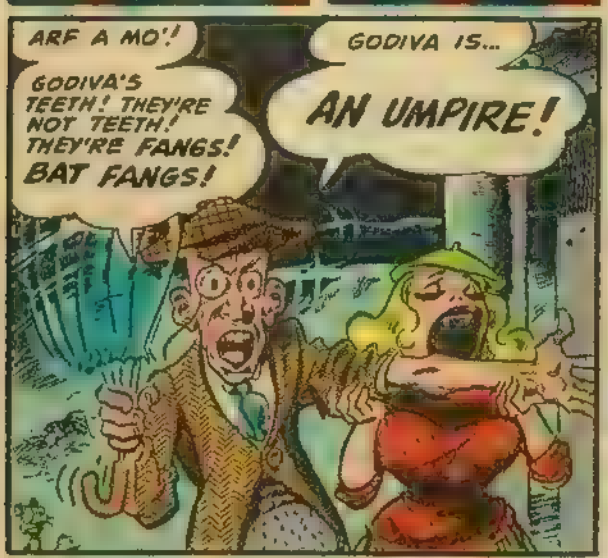

YOU? YOU LIVE IN A M-M-M-M-MASOLEUM?
OF CUSS! .. YOU THINK IT'S EASY?

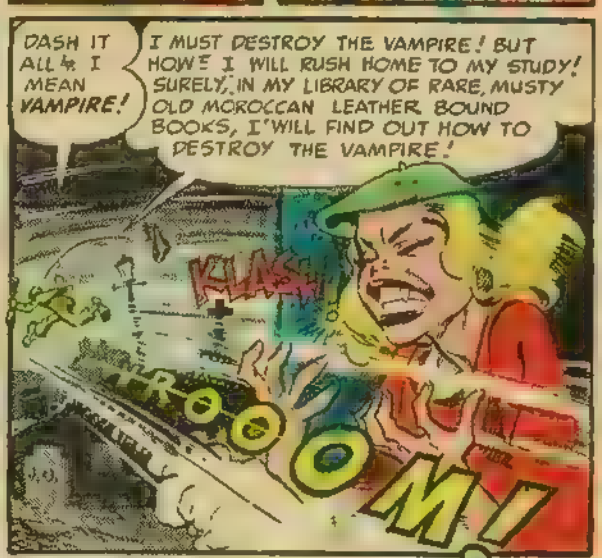
C'MON IN, RENFREW! I'LL FIX YOU A CUP OF COOL, WET TEA!
GAD WOMAN! THAT SMILE...

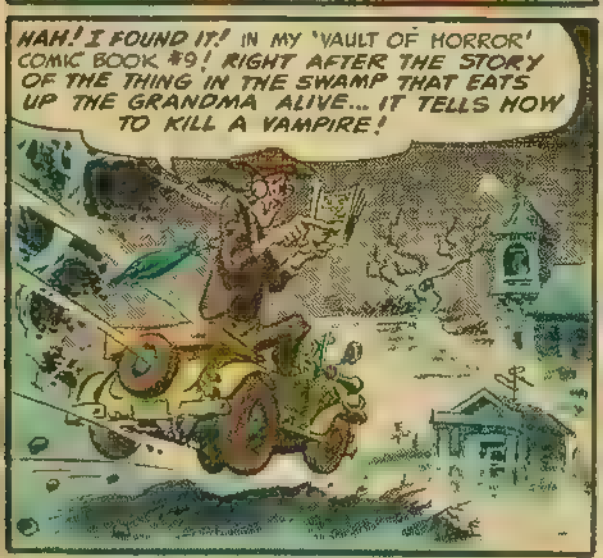
C'MON IN! I GOT COKE ON A MARBLE SLAB! NICE AND COLD!
THOSE LIPS... THOSE TEETH...

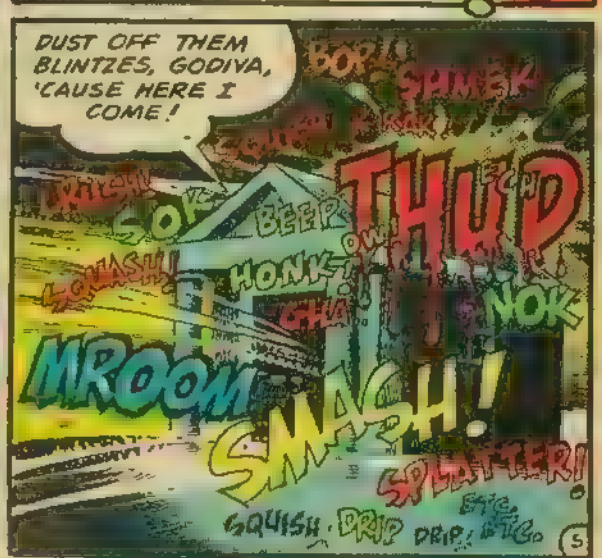
C'MON IN! I GOT SOME MOULDY OLD BLINTZES LEFT OVER FROM LAST YEAR!
ESPECIALLY THOSE TEETH...

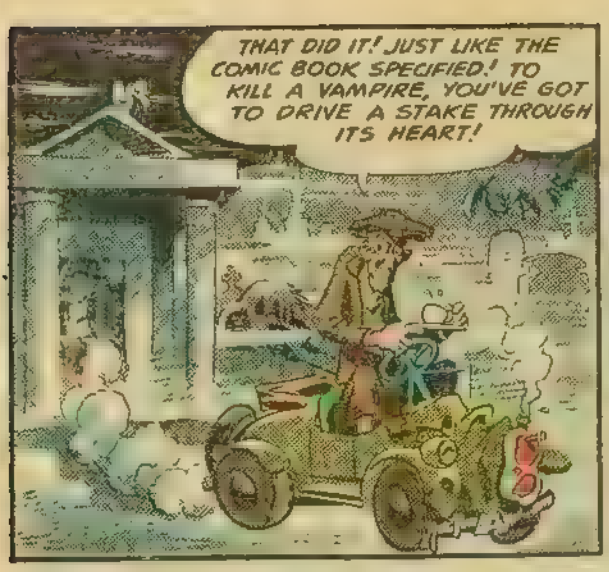
HOW 'BOUT A PLATE OF BLOOD-RED BORSCHT! OR MAYBE JUST A PLATE OF BLOOD!
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN USING YOUR CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE!

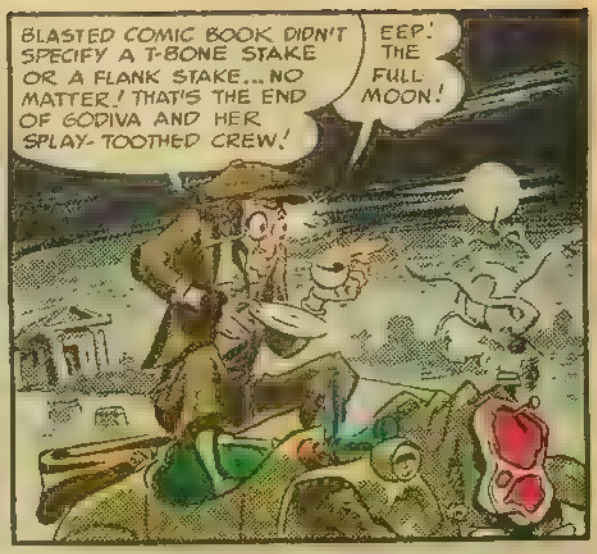

ARF A MO'!
GODIVA'S TEETH! THEY'RE NOT TEETH! THEY'RE FANGS! BAT FANGS!
GODIVA IS...
AN UMPIRE!


DASH IT ALL! I MEAN VAMPIRE!
I MUST DESTROY THE VAMPIRE! BUT HOW? I WILL RUSH HOME TO MY STUDY! SURELY, IN MY LIBRARY OF RARE, MUSTY OLD MOROCCAN LEATHER BOUND BOOKS, I'WILL FIND OUT HOW TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRE!
KLASH
MROOOM!


HAH! I FOUND IT! IN MY 'VAULT OF HORROR' COMIC BOOK #9! RIGHT AFTER THE STORY OF THE THING IN THE SWAMP THAT EATS UP THE GRANDMA ALIVE... IT TELLS HOW TO KILL A VAMPIRE!


DUST OFF THEM BLINTZES, GODIVA, 'CAUSE HERE I COME!
BOP!
SHMEK
THUD
BEEP
HONK!
NOK
MROOM
SMASH!
SPLATTER!
SQUISH
DRIP
DRIP!
5


THAT DID IT! JUST LIKE THE COMIC BOOK SPECIFIED! TO KILL A VAMPIRE, YOU'VE GOT TO DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH ITS HEART!

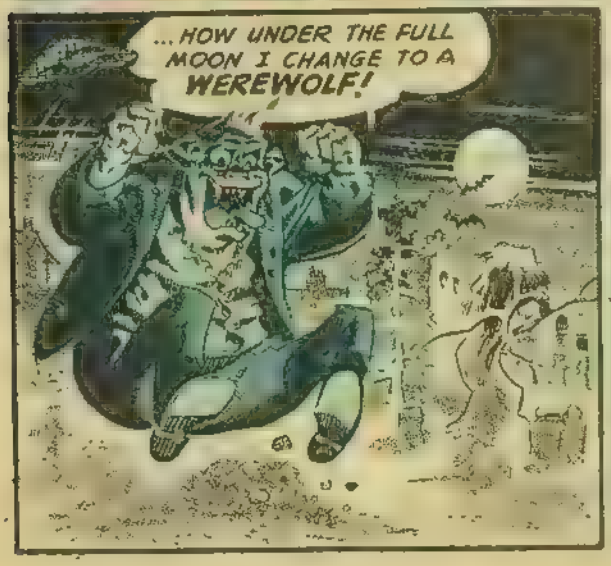

BLASTED COMIC BOOK DIDN'T SPECIFY A T-BONE STAKE OR A FLANK STAKE... NO MATTER! THAT'S THE END OF GODIVA AND HER SPLAY-TOOTHED CREW!
EEP! THE FULL MOON!

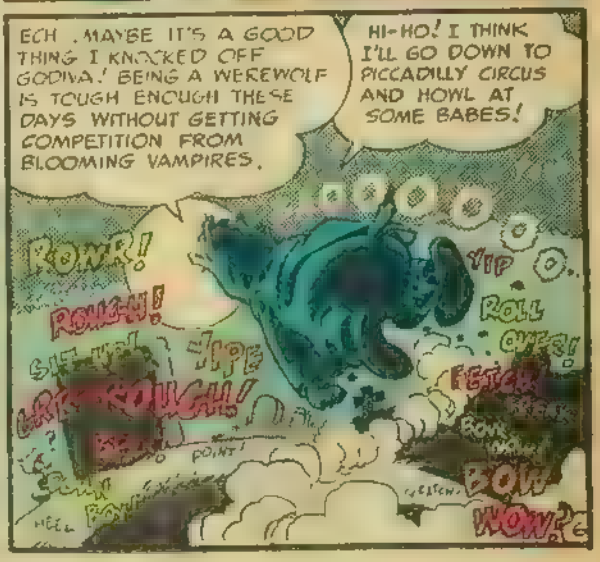
DASH IT! TOO BAD I HAD TO KNOCK GODIVA AND HER FAMILY OFF! I WANTED TO SHOW HER SOMETHING TONIGHT!

AT PARTIES, THE FELLOWS THAT PLAYED ACCORDIANS OR HAD BOW-TIES THAT LIT IN THE DARK...

.. WE'RE ALWAYS THE LIFE OF THE PARTIES! GODIVA NEVER THOUGHT I COULD BE THE LIFE OF A PARTY!... TONIGHT...

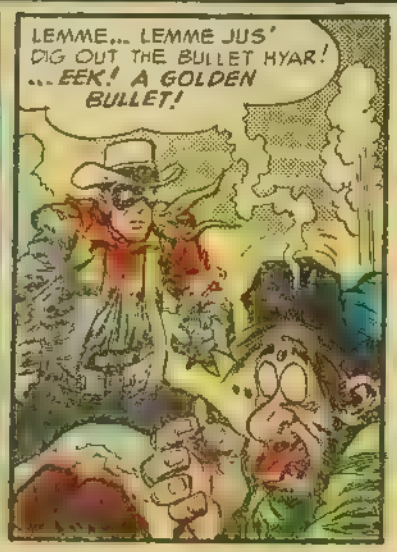
...I WAS GOING TO SHOW HER I COULD DO A TRICK THAT'D MAKE ME THE LIFE OF ANY OLD PARTY...

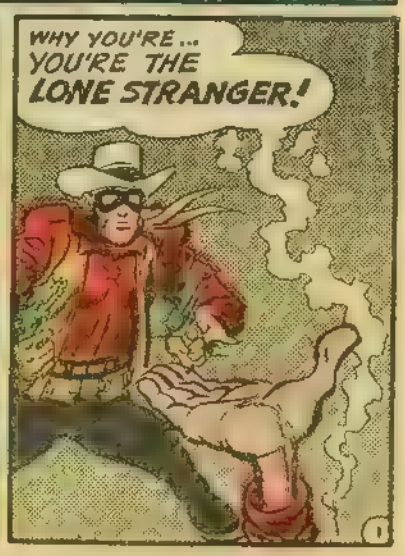

...HOW UNDER THE FULL MOON I CHANGE TO A WEREWOLF!

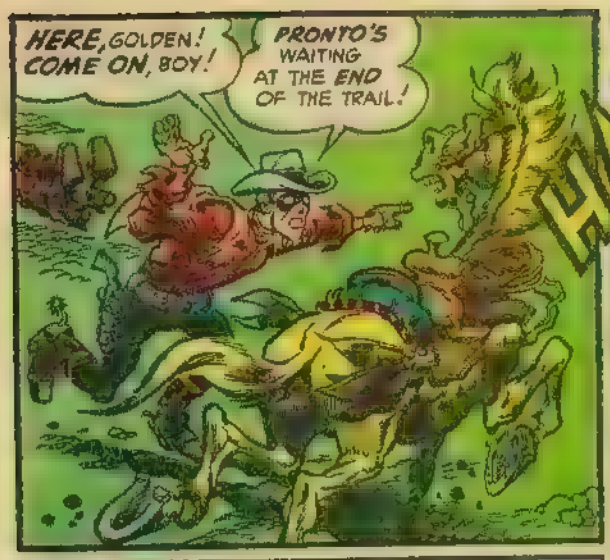

ECH. MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING I KNOCKED OFF GODIVA! BEING A WEREWOLF IS TOUGH ENOUGH THESE DAYS WITHOUT GETTING COMPETITION FROM BLOOMING VAMPIRES.
HI-HO! I THINK I'LL GO DOWN TO PICCADILLY CIRCUS AND HOWL AT SOME BABES!
ROW!
ROUGH!
YIP
ROLL OUTS!
BOW
WOW!

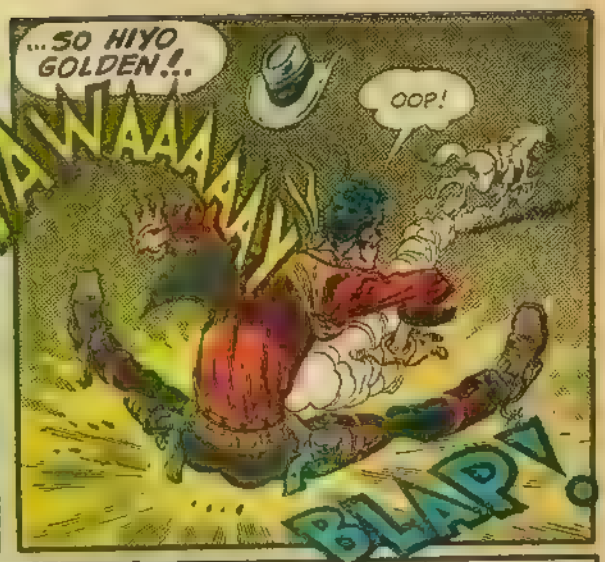
WESTERN DEPT.: AND NOW, LET US TELL A STORY OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN LAW AND ORDER RODE THE PLAINS ON A WHITE STALLION BEHIND A BLACK MASK! .. LOOK! HERE HE COMES! A FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT... A CLOUD OF DUST AND A HEARTY *HIYO GOLDEN!* IT'S THE...

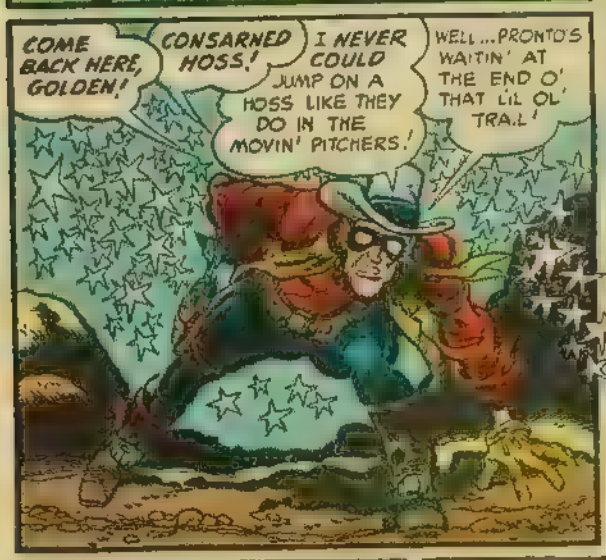
LONE STRANGER!

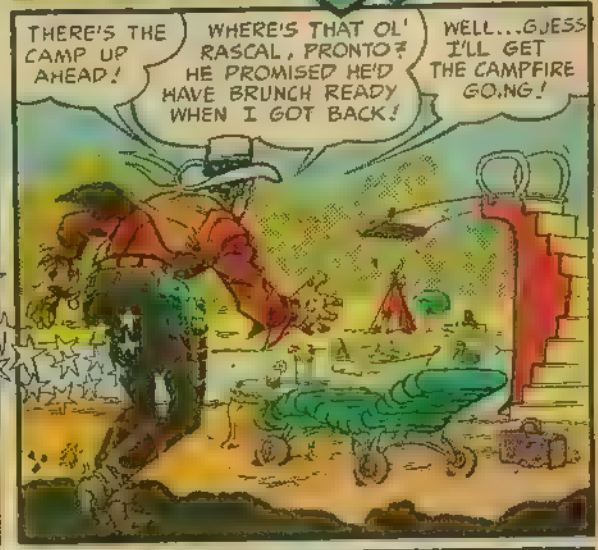





HERE, GOLDEN! COME ON, BOY!
PRONTO'S WAITING AT THE END OF THE TRAIL!

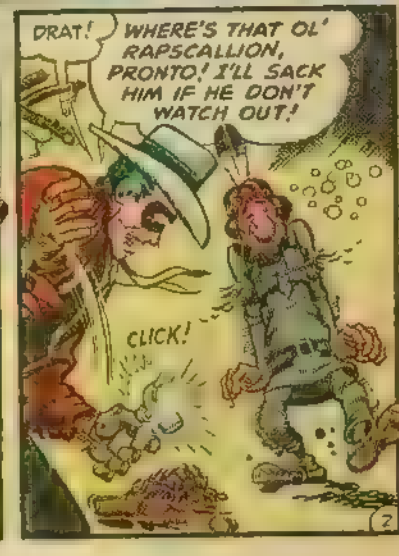

...SO HIYO GOLDEN!..
HAWAAAAAY
OOP!
BLAP!

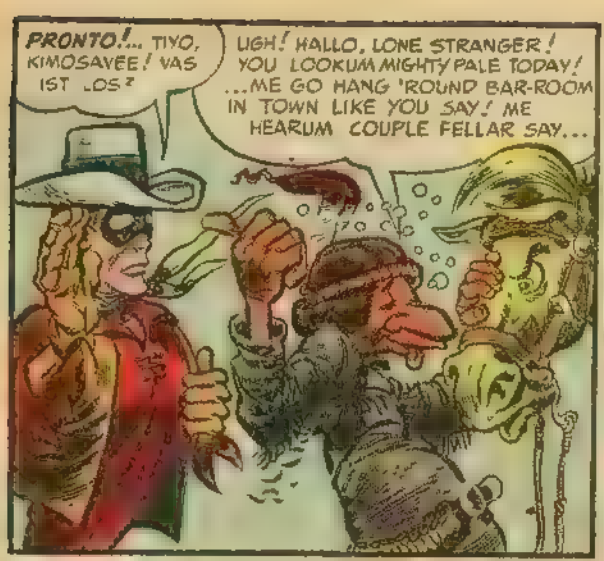

COME BACK HERE, GOLDEN!
CONSARNED HOSS!
I NEVER COULD JUMP ON A HOSS LIKE THEY DO IN THE MOVIN' PITCHERS!
WELL...PRONTO'S WAITIN' AT THE END O' THAT LIL OL' TRAIL!

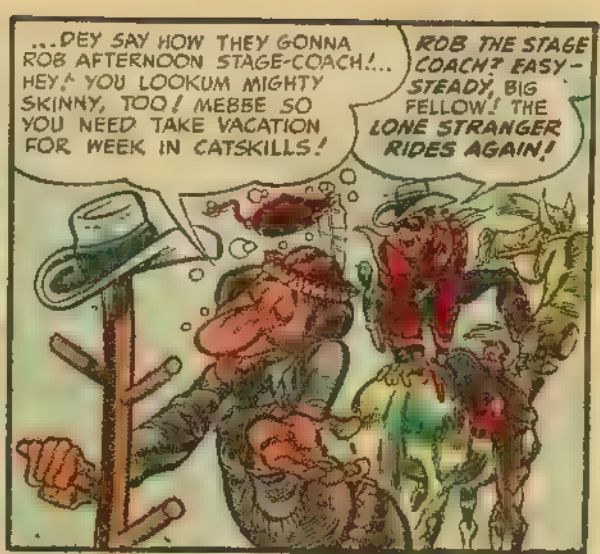

THERE'S THE CAMP UP AHEAD!
WHERE'S THAT OL' RASCAL, PRONTO? HE PROMISED HE'D HAVE BRUNCH READY WHEN I GOT BACK!
WELL...GUESS I'LL GET THE CAMPFIRE GOING!

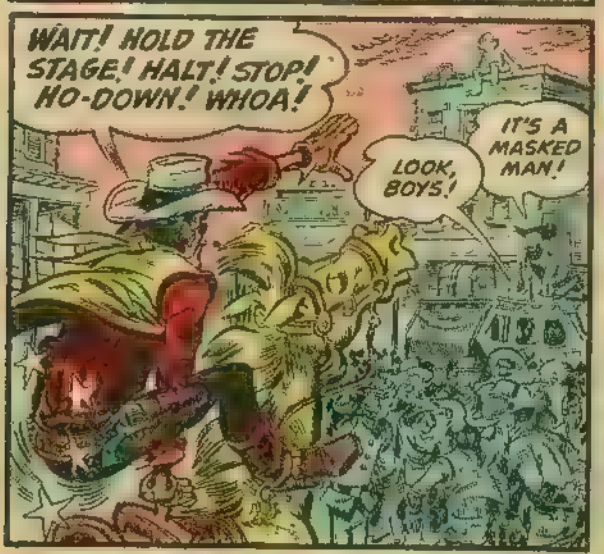
AAH... THIS IS THE LIFE! OUT HERE! NATURE! BUILDING A CAMPFIRE WITH RUSTIC IMPLEMENTS!

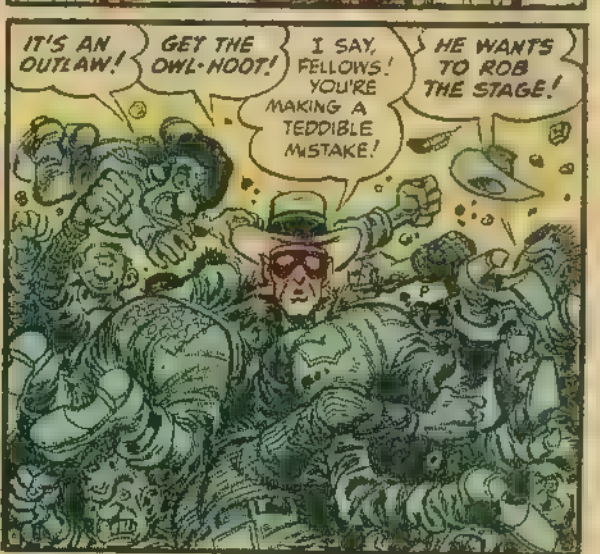
...NOTHING LIKE BUILDING A CAMPFIRE WITH THESE LI'L OL' RUSTIC IMPLEMENTS!

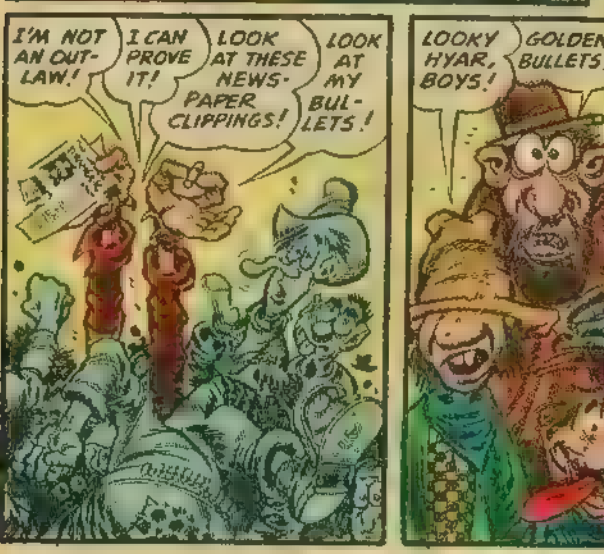

DRAT!
WHERE'S THAT OL' RAPSCALLION, PRONTO! I'LL SACK HIM IF HE DON'T WATCH OUT!
CLICK!


PRONTO!... TIYO, KIMOSAVEE! VAS IST LOS?
UGH! HALLO, LONE STRANGER! YOU LOOKUM MIGHTY PALE TODAY! ...ME GO HANG 'ROUND BAR-ROOM IN TOWN LIKE YOU SAY! ME HEARUM COUPLE FELLAR SAY...

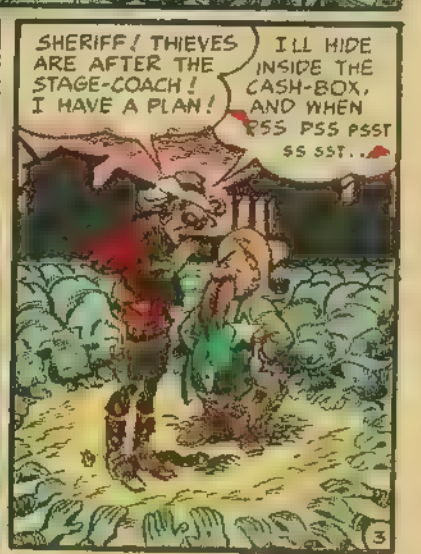

...DEY SAY HOW THEY GONNA ROB AFTERNOON STAGE-COACH!... HEY! YOU LOOKUM MIGHTY SKINNY, TOO! MEBBE SO YOU NEED TAKE VACATION FOR WEEK IN CATSKILLS!
ROB THE STAGE COACH? EASY-STEADY, BIG FELLOW! THE LONE STRANGER RIDES AGAIN!

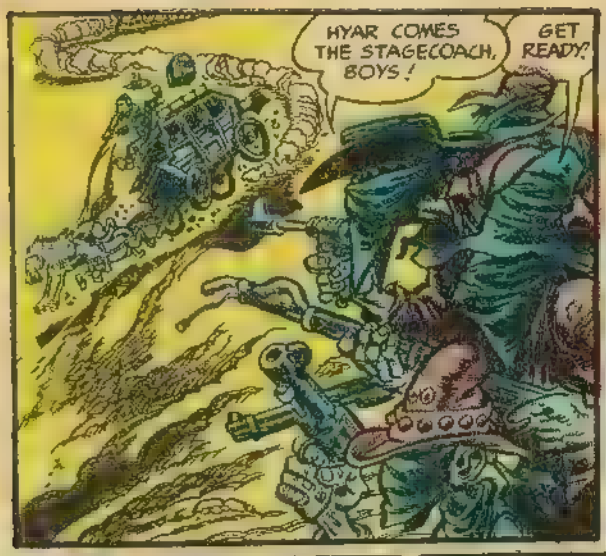

WAIT! HOLD THE STAGE! HALT! STOP! HO-DOWN! WHOA!
LOOK, BOYS!
IT'S A MASKED MAN!

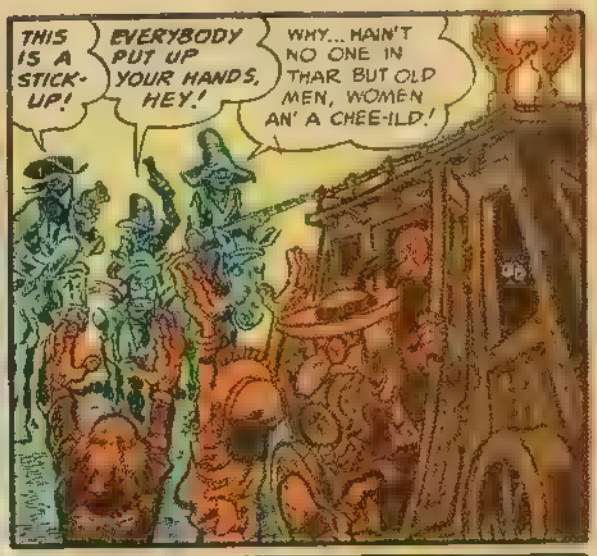

IT'S AN OUTLAW!
GET THE OWL-HOOT!
I SAY, FELLOWS! YOU'RE MAKING A TEDDIBLE MISTAKE!
HE WANTS TO ROB THE STAGE!

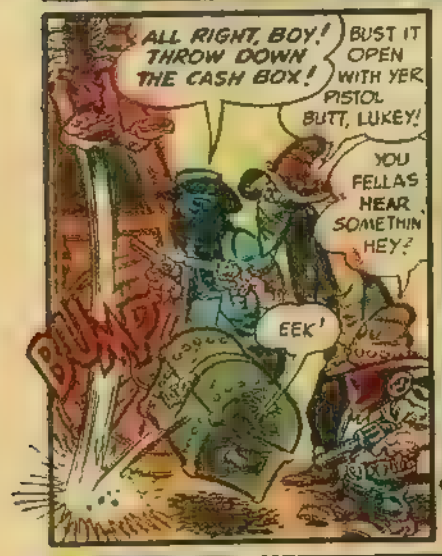

I'M NOT AN OUT-LAW!
I CAN PROVE IT!
LOOK AT THESE NEWS-PAPER CLIPPINGS!
LOOK AT MY BUL-LETS!

LOOKY HYAR, BOYS!
GOLDEN BULLETS!
HOOH HAH!
THIS MAN IS THE LONE STRAN-GER!

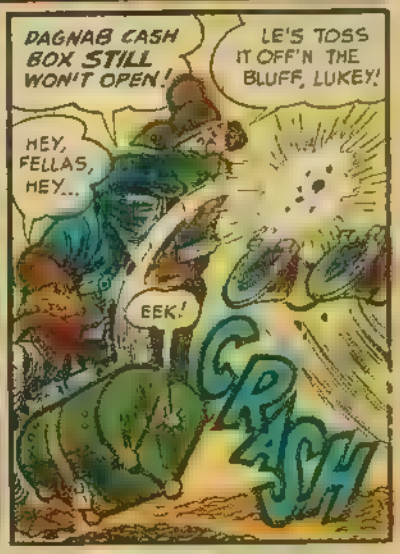

SHERIFF! THIEVES ARE AFTER THE STAGE-COACH! I HAVE A PLAN!
I'LL HIDE INSIDE THE CASH-BOX, AND WHEN PSS PSS PSST SS SST...

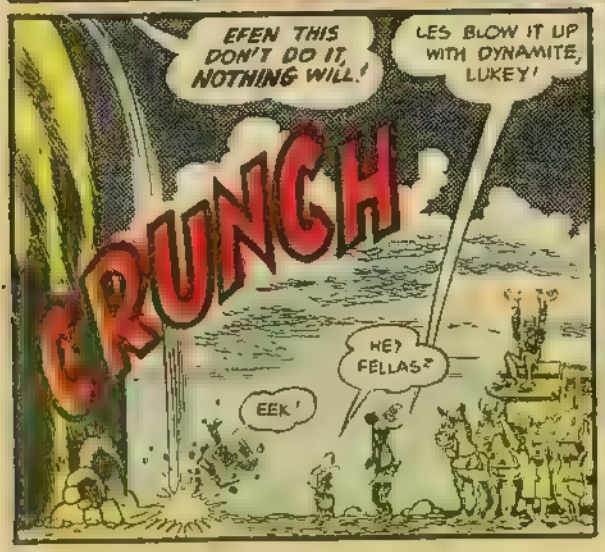

HYAR COMES THE STAGECOACH, BOYS!
GET READY!

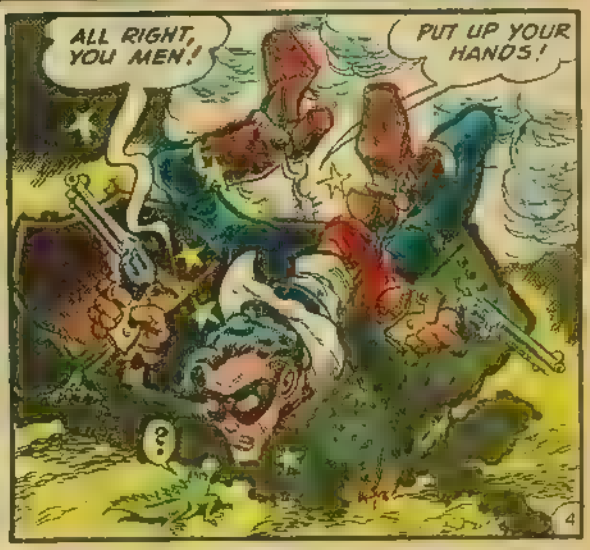

THIS IS A STICK-UP!
EVERYBODY PUT UP YOUR HANDS, HEY!
WHY... HAIN'T NO ONE IN THAR BUT OLD MEN, WOMEN AN' A CHEE-ILD!


ALL RIGHT, BOY! THROW DOWN THE CASH BOX!
BUST IT OPEN WITH YER PISTOL BUTT, LUKEY!
YOU FELLAS HEAR SOMETHIN HEY?
EEK!
BUND

I CAN'T GET THIS CASH BOX OPEN NO HOW!
LET THUH HOSS KICK IT AROUN', LUKEY!
HEY, FELLAS, DON'T YOU HEAR SOMETH'N'? ...HEY?
EEK!
EEK!
BLAM
BLAM


DAGNAB CASH BOX STILL WON'T OPEN!
LE'S TOSS IT OFF'N THE BLUFF, LUKEY!
HEY, FELLAS, HEY...
EEK!
CRASH

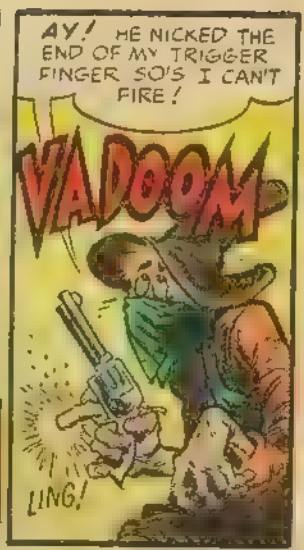

EFEN THIS DON'T DO IT, NOTHING WILL!
LES BLOW IT UP WITH DYNAMITE, LUKEY!
CRUNCH
HEY FELLAS?
EEK!

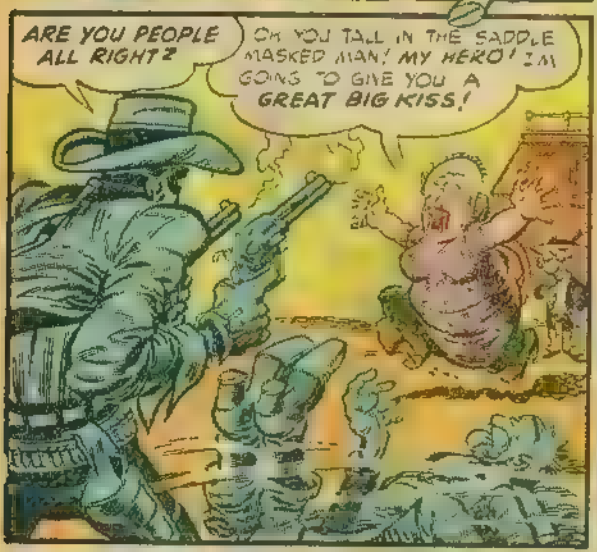

ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN!
PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
?

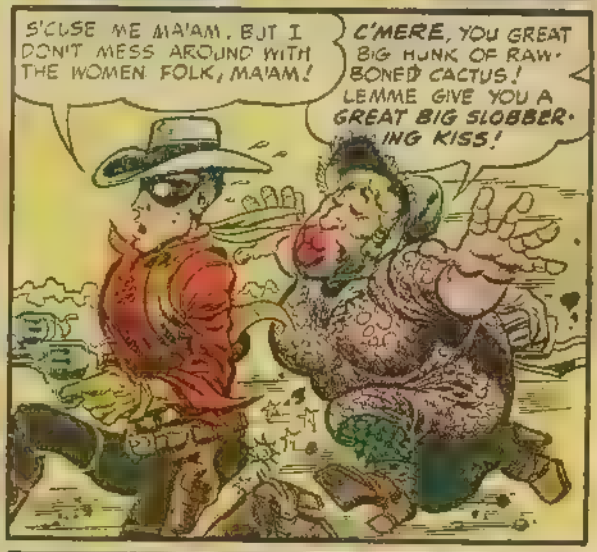
OOH! HE GOT ME ON THE EDGE OF MY SHOULDER JUST ENOUGH TO DROP MY GUN!
PING!
BLAM

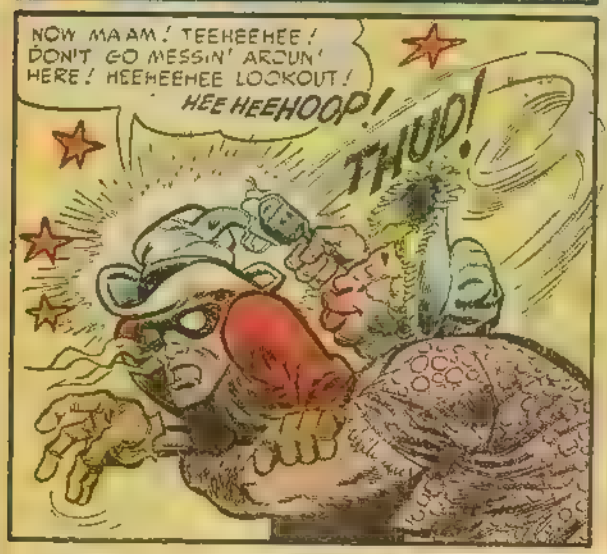
OWW! HE TIPPED THE POINT OF MY HEAD JUST ENOUGH TO KNOCK ME OUT!
BL-BLAM
TING!

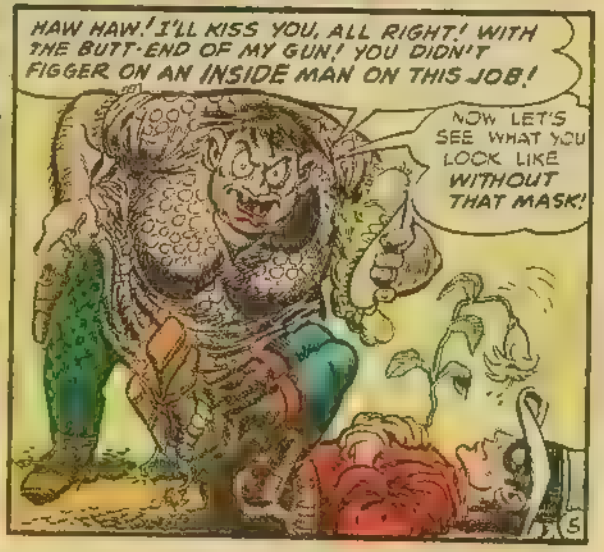
EEEE! HE GOT THE MECHANISM IN MY GUN JUST ENOUGH SO'S IT WON'T SHOOT!
DING!
BLOBADAM


AY! HE NICKED THE END OF MY TRIGGER FINGER SO'S I CAN'T FIRE!
VADOOM
LING!


ARE YOU PEOPLE ALL RIGHT?
OH YOU TALL IN THE SADDLE MASKED MAN! MY HERO! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG KISS!


S'CUSE ME MA'AM, BUT I DON'T MESS AROUND WITH THE WOMEN FOLK, MA'AM!
C'MERE, YOU GREAT BIG HUNK OF RAW-BONED CACTUS! LEMME GIVE YOU A GREAT BIG SLOBBERING KISS!


NOW MA'AM! TEEHEEHEE! DON'T GO MESSIN' AROUN' HERE! HEEHEEHEE LOOKOUT!
HEE HEEHOOP!
THUD!


HAW HAW! I'LL KISS YOU, ALL RIGHT! WITH THE BUTT-END OF MY GUN! YOU DIDN'T FIGGER ON AN INSIDE MAN ON THIS JOB!
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE WITHOUT THAT MASK!

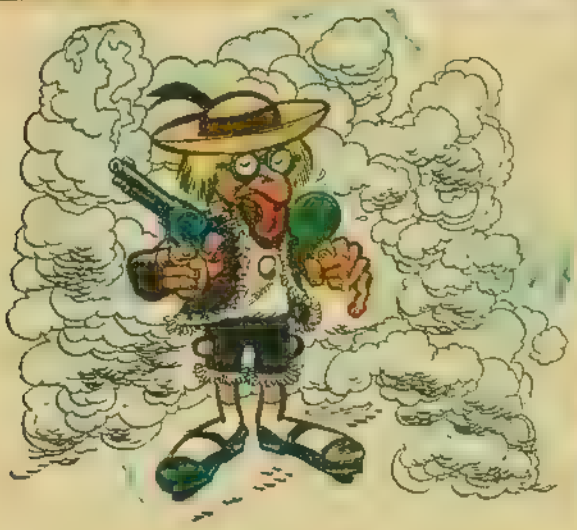
GEE WHILLIKERS! I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE TO SEE THE MASKED MAN WITHOUT HIS MASK!
JUST UNDO THIS LITTLE OLD STRING HERE, AN...
GOLLY!

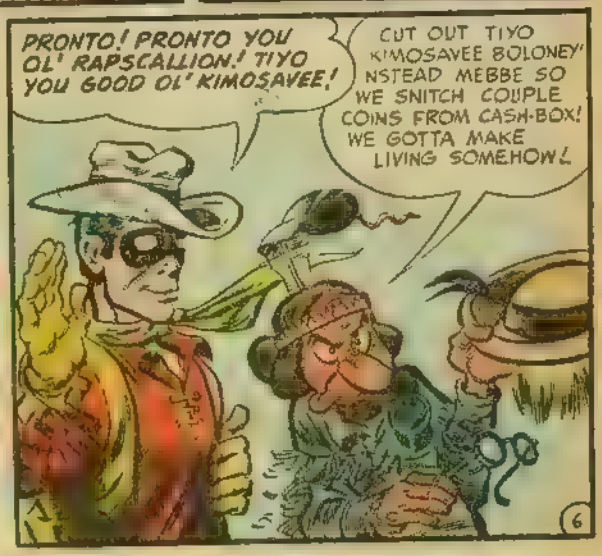
NO!
IT CAN'T BE!
HEY, EVERYBODY! YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I JUST SAW!

WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHO THE MASKED MAN IS! WAIT! JUST WAIT!

THE MASKED MAN... THE MASKED MAN IS... HE IS... IS...

BLAM!
BLABADAM!
BLAM
BLAM




PRONTO! PRONTO YOU OL' RAPSCALLION! TIYO YOU GOOD OL' KIMOSAVEE!
CUT OUT TIYO KIMOSAVEE BOLONEY' NSTEAD MEBBE SO WE SNITCH COUPLE COINS FROM CASH-BOX! WE GOTTA MAKE LIVING SOMEHOW!

WELL... THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT GANG OF OWL HOOTS WHO'VE BEEN PLAGUING YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH FER SO LONG!
YEAH! AN' WE OWE IT ALL TO YOU, MASKED MAN!
SCRIPT

MASKED MAN? HEY, MASKED MAN, HEY!
WHERE DAT OL' MASKED MAN?
THE MASKED MAN IS GONE!

SAY... WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN ANYHOW?
HEY, BOY! LET'S HIT UM ROAD!
WAIT! WAIT, PRONTO!

WHY... THAT...
HEY, BOY! ME GOT TO MAKE BRUNCH!
NOT YET, PRONTO!

THAT MAN WAS...
ME WANNA GO SPYING IN DEM BAR-ROOMS, BOY!
NOT YET, PRONTO! WAIT... WAIT...

...THE LO-O-O-ONE STRANGER!
NOW! HIYO GOLDEN...

HAWAAAAAAY
DRAT! MISSED AGAIN! COME BACK HERE, GOLDEN! COME BACK, BOY!

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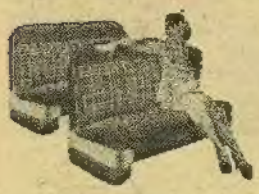
When you show them America's greatest auto seat cover values!

Including

BAMBOO

Newest Seat Cover Sensation!



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800 N. Clark St., Chicago 10, Ill.
Rush Free Sample Outfit at once. (If you own a car include the following information):
Make . . . Year . . . Model

Name _____ My Age _____ Yrs.
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"Scram! You SKINNY Scarecrow!

the boys shouted at me
ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO!

"I was a SKINNY, scared, girl-shy skeleton. Now I feel and look great. Pal, do as I did, right NOW! Mail the Coupon below.

I gained 53 lbs. of MIGHTY MUSCLE

6½ inches on my CHEST; 3 inches on each ARM. You can do it in 10 minutes a day!" —NewYork

Roger D. Hirsch

YOU CAN WIN THIS 15" TALL SILVER TROPHY AS THEY DID! 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY IS ALL YOU NEED!

ROGER HIRSCH was an 112 lb. 6 ft. weakling LOOK AT HIM NOW!

"They used to call me, 'SKINNY, SKINNY'

But look at me now —an All-American Jowett Champion"—says John Sill, Utah, who like millions, mailed me 10c and a coupon like the one below YOU MAIL NOW!

"NOW, I am a NEW STRONG MAN. It's wonderful! I never dreamed I could live to have a big 49 inch CHEST!! powerful 17 inch ARMS!! a small 32 inch WAIST the big 17 inch difference between my chest and waist attracts everybody's admiration at the beach."

Felipe Mendoza
—CALIFORNIA

"This is The GREAT CHANGE You made in me in 90 DAYS! From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN. With ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds. I can bend a 1½ inch IRON BAR around my neck. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity."

Yours,
Jobie Jackson Jr.
ARKANSAS

Jobie Jackson NOW!!! — Jobie Jackson Only 90 DAYS ago!

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and TIRED as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN WERE OF BEING SKINNY?

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me **10 Pleasant Minutes a Day** and I'll give **YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY** for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

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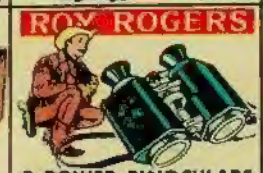

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Matched lenses, special shoulder strap. Sell one order.

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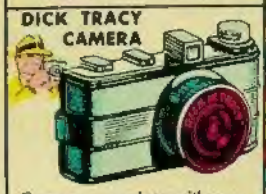
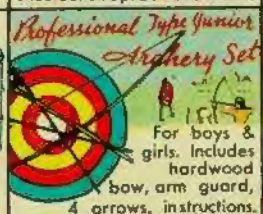
Figures shine in dark. Handsome, guaranteed watch. Leather strap. One order plus $1.50.

DICK TRACY CAMERA



Camera, complete with carrying case. Sell one order.

Professional Type Junior Archery Set



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